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THE QUEEN.

THE nation heard with heartfelt satisfaction, a short time ago, that there was a probability that the SOVEREIGN, who has been so long, for all practical purposes, withdrawn from her subjects, would soon return to them again. The public reception which HER MAJESTY accorded to the deputations of certain municipal bodies who approached her for the purpose of presenting addresses of congratulation upon the birth of the Prince, seemed to confirm this hope. But later incidents would appear to show that it was premature. The continued delegation to the Prince and Princess of WALES of those duties which hitherto have always been fulfilled, when possible, by a Sovereign—and that, too, at a juncture which to the Princess must be one of terrible anxiety—indicates that the QUEEN's long retirement has not yet come to a close; and, indeed, arrangements have been formally announced within the last few days which are obviously incompatible with the residence of HER MAJESTY in London during any part of the present season. Rumours are even in circulation that she will never hold her Court in her capital again. Such a resolution, if it exists, is a matter of grave political moment, and may well cause serious uneasiness. It is upon HER MAJESTY's Ministers, however, that the responsibility must rest. Cut off by her rank from unrestrained intercourse with any section of society in this country, the QUEEN cannot know what people are thinking or saying in the busy world outside. She does not enjoy the opportunities which fall to the lot of most of us, of knowing that the disposal and the duties of life are regarded by others from a point of view very different from that to which our own feelings or circumstances might incline us. But this want her Ministers should supply. It is their duty to speak to their Mistress with loyal frankness, and to tender advice which her whole past life assures us would not be disregarded; for a Sovereign who has in so many ways made the Court of England synonymous with all that is of good report can only need to be told of an unfulfilled duty. If the course of events indicates that that frankness has not been displayed, HER MAJESTY's advisers are incurring the heaviest responsibility which could possibly fall upon them.

Seclusion is one of the few luxuries in which Royal personages may not indulge. The power which is derived from affection or from loyalty needs a life of almost unintermitted publicity to sustain it. Human affections will not fasten upon abstractions, and a Sovereign, however beloved, too long shut up from the public eye, may become too much of an abstract idea. In England, moreover, there is another reason which would powerfully contribute to impair the influence of a Sovereign who lived in perpetual retirement. In this country, all classes, from the Prime Minister down to the poorest petty jurymen, do a great deal of what is, practically, gratuitous labour for the benefit of the State. The general consciousness of self-sacrifice which is the result of this national habit produces a very exacting popular opinion on the subject of public duty. People usually fix the merit which they expect in others at a point several degrees higher in the moral scale than that which satisfies their personal sense of obligation; and if their own standard is tolerably high, the standard which they impose upon others rises in proportion. Just as the most unsparing ascetics are also the most pitiless persecutors, so a nation of which all the more important classes are accustomed to make many sacrifices in doing their public duties hears with regret of sentiments or feelings, amiable in themselves, which are regarded as demanding the postponement of social or official obligations. A tradesman who will take no part in the charities of his borough, a country gentleman who ignores his local duties, a large proprietor who spends his time in Paris instead of looking after his estates, are tried by a measure very different from that which would be applied to them in any other country. Both from the classes below them and the class to which they belong they incur, if not disapprobation, something at least of waning confidence. Kings and Queens are not exempt

from the same kind of criticism. The chief duty of English Sovereigns, even in times when they directed the policy of the country more openly than they do now, was to show themselves, and to be the centre alike of the pomp of the State and of the gaieties of the well-to-do world; and the heartiness with which they performed this duty determined their popularity far more powerfully than their moral qualities, or even than their political tendencies. WILLIAM III. was greatly superior in almost every moral quality to CHARLES II., but there is no question which was the more popular of the two. GEORGE IV.'s unpopularity when he was gay and fashionable was undoubtedly great, but it did not approach in intensity to the odium which he incurred in his later years, when a growing taste for luxury, combined with a dread of exhibiting his faded charms, drove him to become a gastronomic hermit. And the public instinct is right in this matter. A Sovereign may neglect the administrative part of his duties, and, if he be served by competent Ministers, the commonwealth will suffer no damage. But no one can supply his place for the purposes of "representation." Hereditary monarchy is upheld, in spite of many inconveniences which attach to it, because the emotion of loyalty has been ascertained by experience to be not only a cheap defence of order, but one for which no substitute, even tolerably effective, can be found. But loyalty needs to be stimulated by external display, by the pomp and circumstance of power, by all the kindly feelings which personal intercourse creates between Sovereign and subject. If a Sovereign omits to keep it alive by such means, he leaves unfulfilled that one function which no one else can perform in his stead. To say that the advisers who fail to guard him against such an error are only allowing him to prejudice his own position is to speak of the matter much too lightly. They do far more than this. They are not so much risking the personal popularity of the Sovereign as bringing into disrepute the institutions of which his office is the keystone, and the permanence of which is influenced by the personal life of every occupant of the Throne.

There are other considerations which make it the paramount duty of the Ministers of the Crown so to frame their counsels that the calamity of a reclusive Sovereign may not fall to the lot of England during the present reign. It may seem paradoxical to say so, but there is every reason to believe that the absence of the Court is a heavier misfortune to the poor of London than the loss of work consequent on a long frost, or a great rise in the price of provisions. A considerable proportion of the industries by which the working class in London live are industries which either directly or indirectly minister to luxury. Either they are engaged in providing, in some way or other, for the enjoyments of "the season," or else they supply the ordinary wants of those who are so engaged. The absence of the Court, if it does not destroy the gaiety of the season altogether, at all events most seriously impairs it; and the inevitable result is, that a large population of working men and women, who have been brought up to nothing else than their actual occupations, are thrown out of employment, and become destitute. What may be called the luxury trades have this pernicious effect upon the working class, that, ministering to wants which are purely artificial, the demand upon which they depend is at the mercy of accident or the caprice of fashion. This is a consideration which could not perhaps enter into competition with reasons of obvious political importance; but to a Sovereign inclined to absent himself from his capital on grounds of private feeling, however much entitled to sympathy, it would furnish matter for grave reflection which his Ministers would be bound to suggest to him.

During the last few weeks, doubtful rumours have prevailed; and anxious apprehensions have pressed upon the minds of many who love their country and their QUEEN. The time has come when, even in the midst of foreign

embarrassments, this matter must be recalled to the recollection of HER MAJESTY'S sworn advisers. Before a sore bereavement withdrew the Court temporarily from London, there never was a reign in which the relation between Sovereign and subject had been displayed in so fair a light. Never before were the duties of the highest position in the realm more unflinchingly performed, and never were the merits of its Royal occupant more affectionately recognised by the people. A return to the old customs will bring the old feelings back into play again with all their former warmth. The people's love to the SOVEREIGN is neither dead nor sleeping. But it lacks a visible object. We cannot live on the loyalty inspired by the Court Calendar. We want to see our QUEEN once more, as in other days, surrounded by her family, of us and among us. We would fain see her dispensing the hospitalities of England to foreign visitors, presiding at the great formalities of State, showing to the world what a Court and family should be. She who has taught us the value of these things must bear with us if we prize them over jealousy. The more vividly the nation's loyalty has been called out by Royal virtues the less are we disposed to resign ourselves to the absence of one who has done so much for us. It may be that it is the nation that is in fault if its feelings towards the Crown have suffered any diminution of their old enthusiastic fervour. But the virtues which once produced them can easily call them back in renewed intensity. The reappearance of the SOVEREIGN among her people will more than revive that affectionate attachment to the Royal person which has too long lacked the presence of its object. Thus will the memory of him who is gone be most truly and worthily honoured—by a restoration of the happy state of feeling which he so powerfully aided to create.

THE DANISH WAR.

DOWN to the date of the latest accounts, the Danish Government had refused to accept the proposed Conference, and hostilities are proceeding both at Düppel and at Fredericia. The Danes are fighting for honour and revenge, and the Germans for the possession of Alsen, which would complete their conquest of Schleswig. The Prussians, by taking possession of the small island of Femeren, have completed the occupation of Holstein, and secured the command of the Bay of Kiel; but there is no reason to suppose that the invaders propose to retain any part of Jutland, although they hope, by taking Fredericia, to force the Danes to surrender Alsen. As the war continues, the conditions of peace will be modified to the detriment of the weaker belligerent. The Danish Government is perhaps indifferent to the preservation of the personal union with the Duchies, and it is justified in believing that no more favourable terms could now be obtained by negotiation. The more violent partisans who advocate the cause of Denmark in the English press are guilty of anachronism as well as absurdity when they denounce the people of Schleswig and of Holstein as rebels. The common Constitution, with all other projects for incorporating Schleswig with the Kingdom, has been effectually revoked by the German occupation. The Northern Americans have the excuse of superior force when they attach the stigma of rebellion to their former fellow-citizens who have thrown off the central authority; but the inhabitants of the Duchies, with all Germany at their back, are too prosperous to be fitly called rebels. Whether the Treaty of 1852 is maintained or avoided by circumstances, the villagers of the mixed districts will have no further reason to dread the petty oppressions which effectually destroyed their hereditary attachment to the Danish Crown. The childish annoyances which were experienced by the German inhabitants of Schleswig are illustrated by some curious instances in a Consular Report to the Foreign Office which has lately been presented to Parliament. A countryman was fined ten rixdollars for sending his child to school with a German arithmetic book. Certain parishioners who had petitioned that Church notices might be published in both languages were fined fifty rixdollars. Two yeomen were fined eighty rixdollars for getting a passport from Flensburg to Copenhagen for the purpose of waiting on the Ministers. There is nothing sillier than persecution which stops short of inhumanity. It was not on account of petty grievances about catechisms and arithmetic books that the Sicilians threw off the yoke of FERDINAND, or that the Poles have offered desperate resistance to NICHOLAS and ALEXANDER. Despotism produces the deepest resentment on the part of their victims, but they are feared as well as hated. The Danes in Schleswig and Holstein only succeeded in incurring universal dislike, and in furnishing

ambitious neighbours with a plausible excuse for interference.

It is highly unsatisfactory that diplomacy should fail in its efforts to terminate a provoking and inglorious war; but, on the whole, it is consolatory to reflect that the balance of obstinacy is on the side of the Danes. As the contest has unfortunately commenced, it is the business of statesmen to take care that, as far as possible, the war shall be limited and localized. The slaughter of some hundreds of soldiers is a melancholy spectacle, but the evil would be greater if thousands of lives were sacrificed through the outbreak of a European war. The waste of blood and money which has already occurred has to some extent satisfied the passions of Germany, and there can be little doubt that Austria is thoroughly weary of the enterprise. The Danes believe that they can hold Alsen and Fredericia for a considerable time, and they not unnaturally wish to avenge themselves on the invaders. The war, however, becomes every day more purposeless, and, as the hope of foreign interference grows fainter, the motives for pacification will exercise a stronger influence. If England or France had taken part in the contest, the settlement of all the complicated questions which would have arisen might have been indefinitely postponed; but a couple of sieges which in all probability can have but one result will almost necessarily be followed by peace, if the original quarrel is left to itself. It was urged, with much show of reason, that the passage of the Eyder might produce a general European conflict. As the dreaded result has not followed, some at least of the remonstrances which were addressed to the great German Powers have lost much of their force. The malcontent States which outvoted Austria and Prussia in the Diet have not yet formed a Confederation of the Rhine; nor has France proclaimed the intention of enforcing the natural law which designates the Rhine as the boundary between the two chief nations of the Continent. Austria and Prussia have acted harshly, or, as some Englishmen think, unjustly, but they have not lighted a universal conflagration.

The Parliamentary discussions on the Danish question have been advantageously adjourned till the close of the holidays. At the beginning of the Session it would have been difficult to secure a fair hearing for the apologists of the conduct of the Government or for impartial critics of the foreign dispute. Lord RUSSELL's warmest admirers must admit that his diplomatic efforts have a fatal facility of being misunderstood. His frequent want of tact may be said, in a certain sense, to support the presumption that a policy so injudicious in expression, and yet so defensible, may have been essentially sound. The English despatches have, in fact, contained prudent advice to the Danes as well as to the Germans, nor has Lord RUSSELL's interference been for the most part gratuitous or officious. The occasional ebullitions of temper and the tone of menace which has sometimes been adopted furnish legitimate ground for censure. Nothing can be more disagreeable to Englishmen than the suspicion that their Government has been either blustering or timid, and it will be easy to quote passages which countenance the popular impression that Lord RUSSELL has been pugnacious in language and feeble in action. The manner in which peaceable doctrines have been lately advocated by Ministerial journals naturally increases the general dissatisfaction. The evils of war supply excellent reasons for abstaining from unnecessary quarrels, but they can never constitute sufficient excuses for neglecting a duty. The country is not prepared to be taught, first, that its honour is concerned in repelling an aggression, and then that the sacrifices which must be undergone are too serious to be endured. The burden of proof rests with the advocates of war, but the material advantages of peace must be assumed by both parties to the controversy. If the Danes had been wholly in the right, if the Treaty of 1852 had involved an English guarantee of the succession to the Duchies, or even if the Government had pledged itself to resist the invasion of Schleswig, it would have been better to derange the ancient alliances of the country, and to undertake an unprofitable and mischievous war, than to repudiate honourable obligations through selfishness or fear. If the affair of the *Trent* had involved a quarrel with the United States two years ago, the risk and cost would have been unhesitatingly faced, although there was not the smallest probability of advantage. At present, the partisans of peace may easily prove that war with Germany would be unjust, and it is wholly beside the purpose to show that it would be inconvenient.

The study of the correspondence will, for the first time, enable nine-tenths of the members of both Houses to form an opinion of their own on the respective claims of Denmark and of Germany. The dispute has been obscured by the

obstinacy of popular writers in attempting to reduce a complicated quarrel to a simple exertion of superior power. It is almost surprising that professed politicians should have assumed that forty millions of violent partisans had not even an intelligible pretext for their clamorous demands. Readers of the Blue-book will learn that for nearly twenty years almost every innovation has proceeded from Denmark, and that the English Government, with the best disposition to advocate Danish views, has remonstrated against every successive measure which has found favour at Copenhagen. It is highly improbable that Parliament will be converted to German doctrines, but it will in some degree learn to understand them. When it appears that the Diet had reasonable grounds of complaint against Denmark, the warlike proceedings of the two Great Powers will become intelligible even to those who may still condemn the invasion of Schleswig. It is much more important that public feeling should be calmed than that any special opinion should be popularly adopted. The issue to be decided by Parliament is not between the principals in the dispute, but between England and Germany, and fuller investigation of the controversy will confirm the conviction that abstinence from intervention was consistent with the national honour as well as with undoubted expediency. It may be hoped that the House of Lords will no longer encourage the violent language which found no echo in the representative branch of the Legislature. Those who find fault with Lord Russell's menacing phrases ought to be the last to copy his error.

THE PARIS ELECTIONS.

THE victory which has been won at Paris by the Liberal party was as clearly anticipated by the Government as by its successful opponents, and yet the affair was so badly managed that the expression of a foregone opinion has been made to assume the importance of a new expression of political hostility. If there is to be an election in Paris at all, if those who are not exposed to the absolute dictation of a Prefect are to decide between rival candidates, it seems perfectly idle to usurp the semblance of tyranny without the reality, and to appear to dictate when the very appearance of dictation is a most useful weapon in the armoury of the adversary. The EMPEROR has gained his position by a very different mode of action, and has had little recourse to the sterile methods of despotic ostentation which gratify minds of the lowest order. But an EMPEROR, however great, is not omnipotent, and, unless he is fortunate beyond all ordinary probability, he is sure to be served by men who do in a small and contemptible manner what he does on a large and imposing scale. The Government managed to offend the Parisians without frightening them, and the consequence is that the Parisians felt at once safe and resentful. The behaviour of the police left liberty standing and unharmed, but subjected to an open affront. The greatest pains had been taken to place the meeting at the house of M. GARNIER PAGÈS above suspicion, and a Government might reasonably have thought itself sufficiently protected which forced its opponents to assemble in a private house after walking through a street sedulously guarded by a hundred police agents. But this did not satisfy the Imperialists who are more Imperialist than the EMPEROR. They saw clearly that the Government would be beaten, and that their opponents, having the advantage, were sure to keep it. They therefore determined that a victory which could not be avoided should be as barren and as bitter as possible; and although they could not outvote M. GARNIER PAGÈS, they were able to annoy and insult him with impunity. For the moment this incident is of little importance. M. GARNIER PAGÈS has been elected, and, as his election was a matter of certainty in any case, the Government has only to encounter such a force in the Opposition as it has long anticipated. But this incident shows the radical weakness of the Imperial system, if we look to the future, and not to the immediate present. If the police make a foolish mistake now, no great harm is done, because the EMPEROR is considered to be superior to the system of which he is the head, and these little shortcomings and irregularities are held to be more than counterbalanced by the essential services which he renders to France and to Europe. But if the EMPEROR were withdrawn, Imperialism would have to stand on its own merits. The stupid interference of the police would generate hatreds not so easily appeased as hatreds are now, and the vices of the administration would be directly referred to the bad system from which they would be believed to flow. If France could be governed by an iron, unvarying, all-embracing despotism, the system might easily survive, although in the hands of a weak, a passionate, or a cowardly administrator. But if

the present EMPEROR is obliged to make large and increasing concessions to the public opinion of France, a weaker and less impressive successor could scarcely venture to make his own will more uniformly supreme. The lower agents of the police will, however, under every form of government, be sure to caricature the policy of their superiors; and if such a meddlesome, unpractical, intolerant interference were ventured on under a weak or unknown Emperor as has been risked by the police in the proceedings taken against M. GARNIER PAGÈS, the indignation that would be excited might easily have consequences which would make all Imperialists tremble. The inherent danger of the Empire lies, not in its political opponents, but in its own inferior agents.

M. CARNOT, who is one of the new representatives of Paris, and whose name inspires a confidence which his services can scarcely be considered to warrant, has informed his friends that in former years he was unwilling to accept a seat in the Legislative Body, because he did not see what good he could do if he were elected; but that now he is willing to be elected, because times are changed and he can join a small but effective Opposition. He asserts that the eyes of France are now directed with interest, and with some sort of approval, on those who are endeavouring to secure an increase of political liberty. He acknowledges that the Opposition is small in numbers, but it finds a great and a growing strength in the population of the large towns, and he reminds his supporters how much was effected by an Opposition under very similar circumstances in the days of the Government of the Restoration. Of all comparisons this must be the most unwelcome to the EMPEROR. That he and his Government should be treated as comparable to the Government which rose on the fall of the chief of his House, and which rested its principal claim to the obedience of France on the shelter it afforded from the machinations of Buonapartist ambition, is so strange as to be ludicrous if not supported by some very strong justification. But the resemblance is by no means imaginary. Public opinion is gradually awakening now in France as it did under the Restoration, and it cannot be said that the dread of revolution, or the longing for repose and peace, which prevailed in the first few years after the fall of the Empire, were less intense than they are now. The great difference between the Government of the Restoration and that which now exists is that the nation is satisfied with the position which the present Government holds in Europe, and with the tribute which it pays to those ordinary ideas of the modern world which in France are dignified by the title of the principles of '89. But the time may come when the Empire will cease to be successful, or when its management may pass into weaker hands. The EMPEROR apparently dreads anything like reverse in war. He played a bold game in the Italian campaign, won two great battles, and stopped before he experienced either rebuff or defeat. He knew his people too well to incur needlessly the danger of an unsuccessful or a protracted enterprise. The French are not like the Prussians, and would scarcely be content with occasionally hitting a sentinel in face of a position like that of Düppel. The EMPEROR, having played for his stake and having won it, has many reasons for staying as he is, and this is one of the chief securities for the peace of Europe. But the very anxiety of the EMPEROR to avoid reverses suggests that he is fully alive to the lesson which the history of the fall of his uncle conveys, and that he is aware that political liberty might be strenuously and successfully demanded in France if the position and prospects of the Empire were changed. The hopes of the Opposition which M. CARNOT now avows cannot therefore be called altogether illusory. The large towns would undoubtedly like more political freedom than exists; a set of active and eminent and courageous Deputies may keep alive this feeling; and at last a moment may come, as it came under the Government of CHARLES X., when the nation will be dissatisfied with the existing system, and will demand that a considerable change shall be made. The opposition to the NAPOLEON dynasty appears to have died away to a great degree, and perhaps the French do not much care who occupies the Tuileries; but they might easily be impelled to ask that the occupant, whoever he might be, should rule in a manner a little less arbitrary and domineering than is the case at present.

It is also quite within the bounds of possibility that the EMPEROR himself may some day be glad of the influence and support of the Opposition. A thousand signs, small in themselves but important as a whole, show that a struggle between the EMPEROR and the Court of Rome can scarcely be avoided. It is by no means likely that he will, if he can avoid it, allow things to come to an open rupture at present. He has much to gain by keeping in appearance on good terms with the Papal Government. He cannot wish to quarrel openly with

his clergy, and he would probably be sorry to lose his only decent excuse for occupying Rome. But the EMPEROR and the Court of Rome cannot really work harmoniously together. The consequences of the French occupation of Rome are too monstrous to be patiently endured in France. That lawlessness, and crimes of every kind, and a listless anarchy should prevail in a town occupied by French soldiers, is vexatious to every Frenchman who believes that the special mission of his country is to spread order and civilization throughout the globe. The interests of the clergy also, and their adherence to the old traditions of their order, necessarily place them in frequent antagonism to the policy of France. In the remarkable preface which he has just published to the new edition of his work on Mexico, and which so ardent an Imperialist would scarcely have published if it had been likely to give offence in high quarters, M. MICHEL CHEVALIER owns that the Mexican expedition is likely to be defrauded of its proper happy results through the opposition of the Mexican clergy. The ARCHBISHOP of Mexico, although he has been at the Tuileries, and has had the most affectionate reception from the EMPEROR and the EMPRESS, cannot be made to see that modern France adheres to the principles of '89, and that countries created or saved by modern France must do the same. The ingratitude and blindness of the ARCHBISHOP have gone so far as to lead him to oppose the confirmation of the titles of those who have purchased Church lands under previous sequestrations, whereas it is well known that one of the main principles of '89 is that the clergy are to be paid and kept in order by the State, and not to be tempted into license and independence by the pestilential system of endowments. M. CHEVALIER seems to think that the quarrel between the clergy and the Government of Mexico will be fatal to the latter, unless the Court of Rome can be made to learn wisdom at the eleventh hour, and to order that the clergy as well as the laity of Mexico shall accept the principles of '89. Those who know the Court of Rome will be able to estimate how far it is probable that this will be its policy. But if the project devised and favoured by the Empire in Mexico is defeated by the hostility of the clergy, if French troops are attacked and insulted in Rome, and if the anarchy prevailing under the shelter of the French Protectorate grows too conspicuous, a breach will be made, sooner or later, between Rome and the Empire. The EMPEROR will then have to engage the hearty support of that large portion of the French nation which is sincerely devoted to modern principles; and as this section will be led by the chiefs of the Parliamentary Opposition, it is by no means impossible that M. CARNOT may see an alliance formed between the Government and the partisans of political freedom without the throne having undergone any shock like that which terminated the reign of the old BOURBON dynasty.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

NO one will grudge Sir ROWLAND HILL an increase or prolongation of the pension which might sufficiently reward the merits of an ordinary Secretary of the Post-Office. He has done a great service to the country by a suggestion so simple and useful that it almost rises to the rank of an invention. Experience has shown that the charge for the conveyance of letters ought to be low, and approximately uniform, and that it is more convenient to levy the payment on the sender than on the receiver. Sir ROWLAND HILL foresaw a part of the advantage which would arise from a change of system, and, with the usual confidence of a discoverer, he luckily took the rest for granted. The project would perhaps have been rejected if the temporary financial sacrifice which it involved had been fully estimated, nor could the experiment have succeeded but for the rapid extension of railways. The penny postage took twenty years to replace the revenue which had been abandoned; but even if the department only paid its working expenses, the country would have been largely benefited by the change. The happiest thoughts sometimes seem to have been so obvious that they provoke a contemptuous feeling of irritation at the stupidity of the past. Modest persons would be generally willing to admit that they would not themselves have discovered the use of gas, the application of steam, the locomotive engine, or the electric telegraph. But Mr. PALMER's mail coaches, or Sir ROBERT PEELE's policemen, seem more within the reach of ordinary sagacity; and if Mr. HANSOM's boldness in putting the driver behind the passenger was a stroke of genius, the anonymous author of the four-wheeled cab or the omnibus by no means inspires a feeling of hopeless wonder and envy. The wisdom of ancestors is but faintly appreciated by that elderly generation which remembers the

lumbering inefficiency of watchmen, of two-horse hackney coaches, and of six-inside short stages. It is not surprising that a contented and uninventive community should have acquiesced without a murmur in the arrangements of a Government which made a separate calculation of the charge for every letter, only taking care to secure itself against loss by an average demand of six hundred per cent. on its outlay. Up to this day the inhabitants of the Continent tamely submit to be locked up at every railway station for the purpose of affording the officials the amusement of superintending a confused scramble for seats in the carriages. Passports are a far more absurd cause of vexation than large or unequal postage charges, yet until lately they were, in all European countries except England, regarded as portions of the law of nature. English acquiescence in custom is fortunately not connected with superstitious reverence for authority, and consequently a reformer has a popular task in exposing administrative blunders. When Sir ROWLAND HILL published his scheme, he was encouraged by a general and well-founded opinion that the machinery of the Post-Office was probably defective or bad. A Continental innovator, profanely meddling with official mysteries, would have to contend with more formidable prejudices.

Sir ROWLAND HILL's retirement has been celebrated with a general outburst of eulogistic platitudes. The economic and social advantages of the penny postage have been laboriously expounded, and national gratitude has been solicited to raise itself to the height of factitious enthusiasm. Since Utilitarians have devoted themselves to hero-worship, there is a curious incongruity in the dithyrambs of a prosaic creed. While Greek fancy dreamed of demigods, the unimaginative Romans built altars to Prudence, to Memory, to Wealth, and to many other dull abstractions; and the same spirit prevails when civil engineers and intelligent clerks are substituted for the warriors, the statesmen, and the poets who are the proper tenants of the national Pantheon. The baker who improves the manufacture of bread, the brewer who first refreshed the tropics with pale ale, the ill-favoured mechanist whose portrait broods at railway stations over the American sewing-machine, are all, after their respective kinds, benefactors of their species. In their patent rights or their extended custom it is to be hoped that they have their reward; but human nature, while it uses and buys what is useful, can admire only what is admirable. Sir ROWLAND HILL's private life and personal character may very probably deserve from his friends all the admiration which is lavished on his public achievements by voluble strangers, but prepayment by Queen's heads might assuredly have been discovered without the aid either of heroism or genius. The obvious and indispensable contrivances which make daily life endurable have seldom excited so lasting a feeling of gratitude as to perpetuate the fame of their authors. The unknown inventor of forks in the seventeenth century, and the reformers who, after another hundred and fifty years, successively added a third and a fourth prong to the instrument, have passed into oblivion, not for want of a poet, but because their useful exploits lacked the distinctive quality which stamps itself on the general imagination and memory. The prophet of the Post-Office is more fortunate than some contemporary rivals who have suggested other improved methods of greasing the wheels of economic machinery. The clearing-house where bankers settle accounts of millions without the use of a coin or of a bank-note, the railway clearing-house in which still more complicated transactions are adjusted with the accurate regularity of clockwork, display a far greater ingenuity of organization than the penny postage; but the world has tacitly agreed to regard all such combinations as the products of time rather than of individual genius.

When the success of Sir ROWLAND HILL's plan had been fully ascertained by experience, the Government of the day, with some reluctance, entrusted to his charge the permanent conduct of the department. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL, who is usually a member of the Cabinet, is understood to serve as an ornamental superfluity, or perhaps as a fly-wheel, while the SECRETARY sees to the delivery of the letters and the collection of the revenue. In his official capacity, Sir ROWLAND HILL displayed on an average scale the merits and defects which characterize the Civil Service, and his administration was exposed to a special disadvantage through his natural predilection for a system of his own. Almost all his sanguine anticipations had been justified by the result, with the exception of the promise that the loss to the Treasury would be inconsiderable. There was consequently a strong temptation to exhibit a favourable budget, at the risk of starving the service. In many parts of the country the mails have been

forwarded by road between places which have for years been connected by railway, nor has any functionary under Government been more obstinately deaf to local remonstrances than the SECRETARY of the Post-Office. A graver error has been committed in the encouragement which has been offered to Sabbatarian fanatics. Country postmen are permitted to canvass for signatures to memorials against Sunday delivery, and men of business or of property, to whom regularity of correspondence is indispensable, are compelled either to undergo a serious inconvenience or to incur unpopularity by resisting the pressure of their ignorant neighbours. At one time, Sir ROWLAND HILL excited universal indignation by an arbitrary rule that, for the exclusive convenience of the office, all letters should be prepaid. Like many of his class, he had obviously learned to believe that the community existed for the department, and not the department for the community. Another characteristic tendency was illustrated by the sudden diffusion of the dominant patronymic through the lists of the office. The Admiralty of past times never swarmed with DUNDASES or ELLIOTS more abundantly than the Post-Office with HILLS, and the devotees of social science sighed to find that human nature was as prone to jobbery as if their new-fangled study or nomenclature had never been devised. No chemical or physiological analysis has yet superseded the homely Scotch axiom that blood is thicker than water.

Although it is desirable that exaggerated sentiments should be reduced within reasonable limits, gratitude for practical services is a virtue which deserves to be cultivated. When a drawer which contains some useful commodity or necessary document remains obstinately locked, there is generally some handy person in the family who alone knows where to find the key. The wards are perhaps of the simplest construction, but without the key the drawer cannot be opened. The results, if not the merits, of Sir ROWLAND HILL's contribution to public convenience can scarcely be overrated. The key which he found may not be a marvel of mechanism, but it fitted the lock, and the correspondence of the country has in twenty-four years, including circulars and trade patterns, increased eightfold. Social science delights to expatiate on the statistical text, and to show how the multiplication of love-letters has been counteracted by the epistolary facilities which are extended to prudent parents and guardians. The money-order system which has been engrained on the proper business of the Post-Office provides for the convenient transmission, in small sums, of sixteen millions a year. Mr. GLADSTONE has lately superadded savings banks, and he now proposes to extend the operations of the department to life insurance. Every family in the kingdom is directly or indirectly indebted to Sir ROWLAND HILL for a perceptible gain in money and comfort; and if each of its members gave a penny stamp as a subscription to a testimonial, the reward which might be offered to the Post-Office reformer would be more substantial and more appropriate than many paragraphs of rhetorical enthusiasm. Official services are, however, more fitly requited from the public revenue, and Lord PALMERSTON scarcely satisfies the general feeling by the modest proposal of extending Sir ROWLAND HILL's pension for a single life after his decease. A farthing in the pound on the estimated annual increment of the general wealth which may be attributed to the penny postage would provide the inventor with an ample income for his life. To make eight letters grow where one grew before is almost as useful an achievement as to double the number of blades of grass. A real, substantial, commonplace service to the country ought not to be paid for in talk.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS REPORT.

IF the aim of the Commissioners who were appointed to report on the revenues and management of the Public Schools was to overawe their critics by the weight and bulk of their Report, they must be held to have succeeded. Their mere suggestions occupy one thick volume, and the evidence occupies three more, printed in small print and in double columns. The origin of this extraordinary mass of printed matter is probably to be attributed to the consciousness of the Commissioners that, for most of the purposes for which they were appointed, they are utterly powerless. So far as the revenues of the public schools proceed from endowments, Parliament, if successfully appealed to, can carry the recommendations of the Commissioners into effect. But neither Parliament nor the Commissioners can directly affect the management of the schools. They cannot prescribe how many Latin verses are to be done in a week, whether foreigners or Englishmen shall teach French, or

what is to be the length and frequency of a repetition lesson. They can only sum up the result of investigation in the form of advice; and advice, to be efficacious, must often be minute. This is, doubtless, the chief cause of the shape which the Report has assumed; and the Commissioners, wishing to advise where they could not command, seem to have thought that the least they could do was to show that they had studied with microscopic care every point that had been submitted to them. It cannot have escaped them that there is a strange contrast between the apparatus and the result in many of their recommendations; and it is difficult to suppress a sense of the ludicrous when we read that all these eminent men, acting under the special authority of the Crown, have been at last led to the conclusion that care must be taken lest the monitorial system should lead to tyranny, that experience alone can decide how foreign languages ought to be taught, and that much in the career of a boy depends on the home influences to which he is subjected. The authorities of the schools can scarcely avoid thinking that on points like these the Commissioners have treated them like grandparents, and taught them how to get through their eggs. There is something at once pompous and petty in much of the Report, which, in a Commission so well chosen, is surprising, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that the Commissioners feared lest, if their views took a simple and broad shape, they might be rejected on the plea of betraying an insufficient knowledge of practical details. This danger has, it may be hoped, been altogether avoided. But the opposite danger—that of permitting those averse from change to transfer the contest from the discussion of large to that of small points—may prove to have been too lavishly incurred.

The main objects of the Commissioners were three. In the first place, they were to inquire into the revenues of the schools, to ascertain their sources and amount, and to propose, if necessary, plans for their redistribution. The endowments of the great public schools were, in fact, charities for which, as for other educational endowments, a new scheme was wanted; and the Commissioners, aided by Parliament, were to do what is ordinarily done by the Court of Chancery. There is no reason to doubt, on the face of the Report, that this part of their task has been discharged with care and ability, and that the appropriation of income they advise would be, in most instances, an improvement on that which exists. This, however, was much the easiest and simplest of their duties. Their second task was, in obedience to the wishes of those who think that possibly the days of classical instruction are rapidly passing away, to decide how far this is or ought to be the case, and what weight can profitably be attached to newer studies. The Commissioners give an answer to this question which has at least the merit of being very precise. They are of opinion that classics should hold a pre-eminent place in the general scheme of public school instruction, but by no means an exclusive one; that arithmetic, mathematics, modern languages, physical science, and music or drawing should all be learnt concurrently. That all doubt as to their meaning may be removed, they suppose, what experience shows to be pretty nearly true, that a boy receives in the week about twenty hours of instruction, independently of the time spent in preparation. Out of these twenty hours they propose that eleven should be devoted to classics, three to arithmetic or mathematics, two to modern languages, two to physical science, and two to music or drawing. It is obvious that this may be a good opinion or a bad one, but it is only an opinion. It is the view of a certain number of able men not engaged practically in tuition, and those who actually conduct the education of public schools may not unreasonably set their opinion against that of the Commissioners. One of the highest authorities of Eton adopted this line in the most unmistakeable way, and plainly told the Commissioners that he would not sanction the introduction of French into the regular school course, however much it might be recommended. The third and hardest duty of the Commissioners was, if possible, to devise some remedy for the evil so much complained of at many schools, and especially at Eton, that the boys who do not choose to work are taught nothing. After taking great pains to ascertain the facts, the Commissioners have arrived at the conclusion that it is a common result of a public school education that a youth leaves school at nineteen "unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum, or to stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world, and to

"its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, with an uncultivated mind, and no taste for reading or observation." This is the picture the Commissioners draw of the ordinary young public school man, and if it is correct, as in the main it must be allowed to be, they are certainly justified in going on to say that "his intellectual education must be accounted a failure." But then how is this failure to be avoided? And to this very difficult question the Commissioners have given an answer which, whatever may be its defects, has the merit of embodying definite suggestions.

The causes of this failure in the intellectual education of many public schools are that the masters adhere blindly to old traditions, being content with results which seem to them inevitable and almost proper, and that a very large proportion of the boys, with the full concurrence of their parents, wish to excel in games, not in books, and are perfectly indifferent to intellectual instruction of all kinds. Those who are successful in games have little time for anything else. A cricketer in the Eton Eleven is expected to devote at least five hours a day to that exacting pastime, and those who are only aspiring to the honours of cricket are not likely to fall very far short of the example set them by their betters. Parents, masters, and boys all seem agreed as to the theory on which public schools ought to be conducted. There are a few boys born clever and industrious, or compelled to try to do as well as they can by want of private fortune or the caprice of parents. These are to be the scholars and represent the intellect of the establishment, getting prizes and all manner of distinctions, and keeping up the fame of the school at the Universities. Another set of boys are born active, energetic, and high-spirited. These find their proper task in playing at games, and maintaining the glory of the school at Lord's, or on the river. Of course they must learn something in the way of lessons, just as the scholars must take some sort of bodily exercise, but that need not interfere with their main mission of playing at games. The bulk of the school may properly be colourless and not addicted to anything. Lessons would tease them without edifying them; but it seems to be contended that, if they are encouraged to devote their time to playing at games as well as they can, they thus receive the moral benefit of being induced to do something besides lounging about in a vacant way, which is considered their natural occupation. As this is the theory of public school life which prevails more or less at almost every public school, and especially at Eton, how is any reform to be effected? It is to the credit of the Commissioners that they have boldly set their faces against this theory, and have striven to assert the opposite principle—that public schools ought to be places where a boy receives an intellectual education according to his capacity. But it is one thing to assert a principle, and another to be able to enforce it; and the means at the command of educational reformers are very imperfect and limited when they come to deal with institutions, like Eton, in a state of great pecuniary prosperity. The Commissioners have, however, done their best, and have made two recommendations which are open to much dispute, but which will probably lead to a discussion that can scarcely fail to be in some degree beneficial. They propose, in the first place, that there should be a governing body constituted for each public school, to be appointed in part by the Crown, and that this body should not only appoint the Head-Master, but should decide many very important points in the administration of the school, such as the subjects to be taught, and the relative importance to be assigned to them. Probably this suggestion is mainly due to the consideration of the chief difficulty which presents itself when reform at Eton is contemplated. The Head-Master is always an Etonian, with another old Etonian over him as Provost; and thus the traditions of the school are handed on unchanged, and it may be feared that, however excellent the reform recommended might be, the Head-Master would always make it practically a dead letter. If there were a Board over him consisting in part of non-Etonians appointed by the Crown, he might be put into a better path, and, whenever a vacancy occurred, a new kind of master who had not been educated at Eton might be appointed. The recommendation might possibly do good at Eton, but at the schools where already a Head-Master is chosen from any school indifferently, and where the electors really try to get the best man, the governing body would simply be a nuisance. It would either do nothing, or it would be a useless clog on the Head-Master. To get as honestly as possible the best man that the market supplies, and leave him to do as he pleases, is the only course that can be adopted with advantage. In the next place, the Commissioners recommend that at every public school there should be an

entrance examination, in which the candidate for admission should show himself to be possessed of what, in proportion to his age, might be considered a fair elementary knowledge of classics, arithmetic, and either French or German; and Mr. HALFORD VAUGHAN has thought it worth while to write a long dissertation, showing why he personally should have preferred an option being given to the candidate of substituting natural science for the modern language. There can be no doubt that this would do good at the schools where it was honestly enforced. But the experience of the Universities shows that entrance examinations are only enforced in institutions where the rulers have a strong wish to make the students work—which is quite an exceptional fancy—and where there are so many candidates for admission that, although the examination is strict enough to deter or repel a great many persons, yet the institution, being in high repute, is always full. Still the experiment may be worth trying at the public schools, and even if the success were not very great at first, things might improve as time went on. It is at any rate the only suggestion of the Commissioners, apart from those concerning the endowments of the schools, which commends itself as at once important and tolerably feasible.

AMERICA.

THE early commencement of the spring campaign by the Federals may possibly have been intended to facilitate the draft, but the failure of all the expeditions which have been attempted will not help the Government to fill the ranks of the army. The report of a great pitched battle in which SHERMAN is said to have been defeated with enormous loss is perhaps altogether untrue, for, although the Confederates were strong in cavalry, General POLK is believed not to have, for the present, any considerable army at his disposal. Nevertheless, the loss of men and material in an unsuccessful advance and retreat through the entire State of Mississippi will probably disable SHERMAN for months from renewing any offensive movement. The cavalry which has been driven back to Memphis finds itself outnumbered and outmanœuvred, and it would seem that General JOHNSTONE may operate against the enemy in his front at Chattanooga without fear of any diversion on his left wing or of any serious attack on Mobile. General BANKS will be unable to detach forces from New Orleans if it is true that General MAGRUDER is advancing from Texas into Western Louisiana. In every quarter the Southern leaders are threatening the invading armies, and even the Federal positions which have been so long held in North Carolina and the peninsula of Virginia are prepared to resist an expected attack. The Federal incursion into Florida will, notwithstanding the approach of the Presidential election, not be speedily renewed. The Northern journals endeavour to console themselves for the accumulated reverses of the opening campaign by the confident assertion that LONGSTREET has crossed the mountains into Virginia, and, by the idle boast that General KILPATRICK lately led his cavalry force within two miles of Richmond. It is probable that the Virginian railroads may have been temporarily damaged, but, on the other hand, three or four colonels were killed or taken, and KILPATRICK was obliged to take refuge within General BUTLER'S lines instead of finding his way back to the headquarters of the army of the Potomac. It is uncertain whether LONGSTREET has left the neighbourhood of Knoxville, and, as he has certainly experienced no disaster, his arrival in Virginia would perhaps not be an unmixed advantage to the Federal cause. Nothing is known of General LEE'S force or of his intentions. He will probably learn with satisfaction that, at the moment when the campaign is about to open, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac is ordered to Washington to defend himself against charges preferred by mutinous subordinates of misconduct at the battle of Gettysburg. Even the long-suffering American mind is, for once, provoked into irreverent criticisms of the wisdom of the Government. The most zealous adherents of Mr. LINCOLN remark, with obvious justice, that it would be better to let a General commit twenty blunders than to subject his plans to the supervision of his inferior officers; and they might add that Federal victories have not been so numerous as to furnish suitable occasions for minute investigation. Many decisive battles might be mentioned in which the successful commander has committed considerable errors. Marengo was won almost by an accident, and military critics still accuse the Duke of WELLINGTON of a mistake in detaching troops to protect his right flank during the battle of Waterloo. As Gettysburg cleared Pennsylvania and Maryland of the Confederate forces, it is scarcely worth while to inquire whether

General MEADE may, at some period of the action, have meditated a retreat.

In England public hopes and fears are so freely reflected in the journals of various shades of opinion that it is difficult to understand the dulness of the American press. Current events are seldom discussed in Congress, and unfavourable reports scarcely appear in the newspapers. SHERMAN's advance was celebrated by a general flourish of rhetorical trumpets, but his return to Vicksburg is barely noticed as an insignificant fact. The correspondents of English papers are more communicative, but unfortunately they are almost always zealous partisans. The impression which has been produced by the late reverses may perhaps be less learned from the fall which has taken place in the value of the paper currency. The price of gold has risen twenty per cent. within the year, and ten per cent. within the month; and the depreciation of Government paper has a tendency to reproduce itself, because the rise of gold directly affects the amount of the available resources of the Treasury. The loan of 40,000,000*l.* which has recently been authorized by Congress must already have become insufficient, if Mr. CHASE accurately estimated the public wants when he proposed the measure. By the latest accounts, the fall in paper had received a check, but if it continues, it will soon become necessary to augment the nominal pay of the army and navy, and once more to raise the standard of bounties. If the Government, instead of asking for new loans, resorts to a fresh issue of paper money, the process of depreciation will be rapidly accelerated. The Northern Republic is in no danger of ruin, for its vast material wealth will be only temporarily diminished by the war. The financial embarrassment which was foreseen or predicted by European economists has been unexpectedly postponed; and it is consequently not surprising if the Americans themselves believe that, in their fiscal as well as their political condition, they are a peculiar and exceptional people. It will perhaps be an advantage to themselves and to the world if they discover their mistake before the war is over. There can be no doubt that the complete subjugation of the South in the last campaign would have been followed by a war with England during the present year. New York, which largely influences the opinion of the entire country, has yet suffered little or nothing from the contest. The price of labour and the profits of trade have never been so high as at present, and a population indulging in unprecedented luxury is willing to believe that the waste of war is, after all, a profitable outlay. The bombardment of Charleston at an enormous expense, without even a pretence of military utility, would never have been tolerated by a community which appreciated the ultimate necessity of paying for the pleasure of revenge. The collapse of the finances will, whenever it occurs, produce a sobering and wholesome effect; and when peace at last returns, it may perhaps be thought more acceptable than even the opportunity of gratifying the insane national hatred which is cherished against England.

The impending political struggle for the choice of the PRESIDENT has not yet commenced in earnest. The Republicans meet with little opposition in the amendments which they propose in the State Constitutions for the purpose of enabling soldiers in the field to vote; for the Democrats are naturally unwilling to incur the hostility of a class which may at any time become dominant in the Republic. There are plausible reasons for the concession, though it is dangerous in principle, for the native soldiers may fairly be considered as equal to their fellow-citizens who have staid at home, and even the Irish and German immigrants who have been tempted into the ranks may fairly pretend to the franchise as the reward of their services. It is of course understood that, in gratitude to the advocates of their political rights, the soldiers are to vote for the nominee of the Republican Convention. As the professional leaders of factions will practically select the successful candidate, the military vote will, except as a questionable precedent, possess little importance. The troops have a better claim to vote than the anomalous rabble which personates the legitimate constituency in the occupied districts of the Southern States. General BANKS achieved a remarkable success in the mimicry of constitutional forms which he thought it expedient to exhibit in Louisiana. To complete the illusion, his agents provided a losing as well as a winning candidate, so that the voters, after pledging themselves by oath to support the Union, went through the form of defeating a candidate who, with a few supporters, affected to represent disaffection to the ruling Powers. It is said that soldiers sometimes object to represent the enemy in a sham fight, because it is their duty to be beaten; and the patriots who disguised themselves as Copperheads at New Orleans must have had some difficulty in overcoming

a similar repugnance. Mr. LINCOLN's agents in Arkansas and Tennessee are arriving at the same result by different methods, and the Republicans of the North are contented with any contrivance which can ensure the preponderance of their party. It is not improbable that, notwithstanding the oddity of the arrangements which are extemporized to meet present difficulties, statesmen and administrators may ultimately emerge from the existing confusion. The Constitution in its ordinary working produced constantly increasing mediocrity, and it was notorious that, from the time of the first rebellion, a steady process of degeneration had taken place. In Congress and in the Administration greatness would have been wasted, and originality was distasteful to the country. The belief that no man had any business to govern another has been rudely disturbed by the Secession and its consequences. The Generals and Governors in hostile provinces are thrown on their own resources, and although they rely mainly on military force, they are compelled to provide for the police and economy of their respective districts. General BANKS seems to have displayed great ability and resolution in his provision for the welfare of the negroes, and it is possible that some of his colleagues may also develop the faculty of command, instead of confining themselves to the vulgar ambition of courting universal suffrage.

MINISTERIAL INDISCRETIONS.

THE season for Ministerial indiscretions has set in rather early this year. It usually comes a little later, with the nightingales and the green peas. What is the cause of the unusual forwardness of this interesting crop is a question upon which a variety of hypotheses may be sustained. If Mr. GLADSTONE only were concerned, we might suppose that he felt it his duty to bow to the order of the ecclesiastical year. He would no doubt instinctively feel, as a dutiful son of the Church, that as all the other festivals were falling early, it was his business to take care that the feast of personal explanations—a feast observed with much devotion by the House of Commons—should fall early too. But as Mr. STANSFELD cannot be accused of any ecclesiastical leanings, this hypothesis must be laid aside. Still it must not be forgotten that there is a wide distinction between the two performers who have administered so much aid and comfort to the Opposition during the last fortnight. Mr. GLADSTONE was a deliberate *felo de se* of his reputation; Mr. STANSFELD only presented a singularly awkward and blundering case of accidental death. His suicide is only comparable to that of a deaf old woman who is suddenly aroused from her meditations by shouts from an approaching bus, and in her agonized efforts to save herself runs shrieking straight under the wheels; while Mr. GLADSTONE resembles more the scientific suicide who lays down his neck before the advancing train exactly on the place where the flange of the engine-wheel will cut it off. Both Ministers of the Crown have unquestionably found their way into the mud. Mr. STANSFELD stepped into it backwards, while he was meditating, not over the regeneration of Italy, but only over the regeneration of the dockyards; and it was only in consequence of his clumsy efforts to pull himself out that he ultimately got soused all over. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, finding himself on fine dry ground, with no dirt anywhere near, deliberately dug a pit before his own footsteps, carted a vast quantity of mud from a distance to put into it, and then, having made these preparations, calmly executed a plunge into the middle.

Another view which may be plausibly maintained is that exhibitions of this kind are a species of homage which the various members of the Administration, taking the duty by turns, pay to their distinguished chief; and that they hurried the observance of this ceremony forward on this occasion because, from the appearance of the political horizon, there were obvious reasons for doubting whether he would be in a position to receive it at a later period. This view is unquestionably borne out by the fact that, during the course of Lord PALMERSTON's tenure of office, the duty of tumbling into the mire in order that he might have the credit of picking them out again has been shared very equally by the various members of the Government. Few of them have appeared twice upon the stage. Lord CLARENCE PAGET and his runaway Admiral have exhibited but once for the public amusement. Mr. WILLIAM COWPER has never been discovered a second time clandestinely egging on influential writers to bully a Committee of which he was Chairman. Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. STANSFELD have taken a prominent part in a personal explanation, since they held their present offices, till a fortnight ago. Their duty is done when they have once given their chief the opportunity of coming forward to help them, out, and of

uttering that mysterious assurance that "he is ready to take "all responsibility upon himself"—which, as it means nothing in particular, has a marvellous virtue in tranquillizing the House of Commons. The only exception to this rule appears to be Mr. LOWE, who has been in a mess ever since he has been in office. But then he must be looked upon as a devotee in this kind of *culte*—a sort of St. SIMEON STYLITES, who is willing to live a life of perpetual mortification in order that PALMERSTON may be glorified.

It can hardly be said, however, that the indiscretions of the present year, like those of former years, have contributed much to the credit of the PRIME MINISTER, or have tended to increase the stability of his Government. They did not show him off to advantage. In helping Mr. GLADSTONE out, he displayed, at least by the help of such a foil, something of his ancient tact; but his speech in defence of Mr. STANSFELD was one of the worst he ever made. It was the wild hitting of a man who knew that he was expected to do something effective, but did not feel in himself the force to do it. The effect of the two indiscretions in themselves has been also very different. Mr. GLADSTONE's error has simply resulted in making him one deadly enemy the more; but that will hardly be an appreciable addition to a band which already is sufficiently large. He has also given occasion to every one to repeat once more the trite remark that "Mr. GLADSTONE can never "lead the House of Commons." But that observation has been made so frequently that it fails to produce any impression on those who hear it. Already his incapacity for leading is becoming so commonplace a topic that it is beginning to provoke the resistance of that considerable class of men who are born dissenters—who cannot hear of anything that is generally received without racking their brains to detect a flaw in it. The mass of people, on the other hand, are coming to acquiesce so completely in the fact of Mr. GLADSTONE's want of tact, that if by accident he diverges into courtesy, or on any occasion contrives to avoid giving offence where it was possible for him to do so, it is looked upon as a marvellous exhibition of good-humour and self-control. It is always a great advantage to a man to have got to the bottom of his character. Mr. GLADSTONE's reputation for the power of leading a party has sunk so low that it cannot possibly sink lower, and therefore, as nothing ever remains stationary, it must of necessity mend.

The other indiscretion has been a good deal more serious in its results. It has brought out very strongly the fact that the chasm which separates the Whigs from the Radicals is no accident or prejudice, and cannot be bridged over by a judicious division of offices. The admission of Mr. STANSFELD to the Treasury Bench was, as it were, the seal and symbol of their supposed perfect union. He is the only thorough and sincere Radical that sits upon that bench. The very first difficult question that has arisen shows, in his person, the flimsiness of the bond that ties the two together. The Radicals sympathized heartily with Mr. STANSFELD. They saw nothing strange in his position, and could not comprehend the necessity of an apology. The proofs that were advanced to show that MAZZINI at no distant period believed in the lawfulness of tyrannicide fell without effect on them. They could not understand why a statesman should hesitate to associate with a refugee, or to become an instrument for helping in the execution of his plots, because that refugee had incited others to commit political assassinations. It is very probable that this want of sympathy with the current morality of his age disabled Mr. STANSFELD himself from seeing the drift of the questions that were addressed to him, and caused him to make answers that to other minds seemed not very unlike intentional prevarications. The Whig members, on the other hand, as represented by LORD HARRY VANE, felt as most educated Englishmen feel upon the subject. They looked upon MAZZINI and his plots with unfeigned horror, and thought that for a servant of the Crown to undertake blindly to transmit the correspondence that might pass between MAZZINI and the band of desperadoes he employs was derogatory to the honour of the nation. The difference which separates the two sets of opinions has shown itself in this, the first serious matter that has arisen, to be far too deep to be permanently concealed by any fictitious community of political appellations. Revolutionary and moderate opinions can no more be mingled than water can be mixed with oil; and no amount of external pressure will effect a genuine combination.

THE FENIANS AND THE LAW.

WE do not say that the Fenian Brotherhood is an anachronism. Far from it. Ireland as it is would not be what it is unless it threw up such an institution as that of

the Fenians. Ireland being a paradox, it must naturally develop abnormal products. It seems to be, in morals and temper, much what scientific people tell us that Australia is in its physical constitution. That is to say, it is either the last production of some old, worn-out, and evanescent type of creation, or a very rudimentary and tentative effort towards a new order of things. In Australia there are no healthy four-footed creatures who bring up their families after the fashion of the recognised animal world, but they stow them away in pouches. Creation is not quite sure whether it means to produce a bird, or a fish, or a quadruped; so, in developing an ornithorhynchus, it mixes the three orders of animal life and spoils them all. Fruits turn their stones outside, and rivers have not yet learned that it is their business to run. So it is in the moral world of Ireland. The country is one of the finest in Europe; its natural riches are great; its coasts and harbours unequalled. But the natural man is like the Australian quadruped—eccentric, unaccountable, not resolvable into a class. The Irishman stands apart from the rest of the world. He either represents effete nature making a very bad sort of old man, or juvenescent nature bungling at a new type of humanity. The Australian marsupials are either very bad representatives of pre-Adamite animal life, or a poor and halting attempt at something new. Such is the Irishman. The old Celt is worn out, and we have not the kind of social world fit for people who choose to stand out as paradoxes and exceptions to men as mortals now are. Still, in either case, we must go on with what we have and make the best of it. And a bad best it is. One of the characteristics of this exceptional man is that he must be always plotting and conspiring. If he has not a grievance, he must act as though he had one. He must either be dreaming of the days when MALACHY wore the crown of gold, or he must be doing a little treason purely for the love of treason. It is rebellion and conspiracy in the abstract that "Ould" Ireland so dearly loves. He will rebel against his brother, or conspire against himself, rather than keep quiet. MEAGHER of the Sword, or the POPE, or Marshal M'MAHON, or the thin spectre of "Ninety-eight"—a seditious newspaper or a green flag, English charity or English capital—anything is good enough or bad enough, amiable enough, or wicked enough, or foolish enough, to set him plotting, conspiring, and rebelling. The Fenian Brotherhood being positively the most ridiculous thing conceivable—more ridiculous than Brother IGNATIUS's Benedictine order of two blockheads, or the church of JOHANNA SOUTHCOTE—is just the thing which Ireland alone could have originated. Not even the Fenians themselves know their object in turning Fenians, for they have no object. The Fenian sodality is either a conspiracy to restore the reign of BRIAN BOROHME and to undo the work of STRONGBOW, or it is a legion intended to embark in a new crusade to repeat the glories of Castel Fido and revive the temporal power of the POPE, or it is a resuscitation of the cabbage-garden brigade, or it is the body-guard of King M'MAHON that is to be, or it is got up by GARIBALDI, KOSSUTH, or MAZZINI, or it is a recruiting party in the interests of President LINCOLN, or it is nothing more tangible than an organization for Irishmen to practise fighting for the love of fighting. In our own judgment, it is simply the latter. The Fenians have no object except to get up a row, and to keep their hands in for fighting purposes. The Irishman must be trailing his coat, either literally or metaphorically; and the Fenian organization is only a coat-trailing on an extremely ridiculous and offensive scale. It is secret and impudent, and frightens the lives out of steady and respectable people; and therefore it is very popular.

We see no great harm in the Fenian Brotherhood provided it keeps to itself. On the contrary, if we could but draw another Irish Pale, we should rather encourage the thing than otherwise. Most likely the Kilkenny cats were Fenians, and the end of the cats would be that of the Fenians if we would but let them alone. But unfortunately we cannot. There are certain duties which belong to the Imperial power which we dare not forego. Were it not our disagreeable duty to see that the QUEEN's peace is kept, the Fenians might go on drilling themselves till they were thorough masters of the fighting trade, and they might sell themselves to the POPE or General MEAGHER (only Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN is too wise to encourage them to throw themselves away on fighting for Mr. ABRAHAM LINCOLN's purposes), or they might, as they certainly would, cut each other's throats for the sheer love of the thing. As far as our mere interest is concerned, it would be worth while to let the arming and drilling go to a certain length, or indeed to all lengths that it could go, and then see what would come of it. To get the Fenians to go as far as the proclamation of an Irish Empire

or an Irish Republic would be much the best policy were the question merely one of English convenience. This is what some Sovereigns would do with inchoate rebels. It suits a Government which is not chary of blood to have such a fire that it can be fairly called upon to tread it out by a razzia. The old Romans, who certainly understood the art of government, rather encouraged a provincial rebellion than otherwise. It gave them a legitimate excuse and justification for strong measures. Those who chose to draw the sword might very fairly be put to the sword. But we have outlived this policy, sensible or cruel as it may be. We have outlived it in private life, and we must outlive it in public affairs. We cannot afford to let two ruffians in the street knock each other to pieces, though society would be positively benefited by leaving them alone and allowing them to do their worst. Nor, unfortunately for ourselves, can we allow our Fenians to make themselves fit for a rebellion, or for the uses of General BUTLER or Cardinal ANTONELLI, or any other hirer of venal bravoos. As to wishing or attempting to control the emigration from Ireland, it is not only useless, but it would be a matter of selfish policy to encourage it. Where there is a promise of high wages, there the Irishman will go, and, in our judgment, he may as well be allowed to go. Whether he will find his lot much bettered in becoming food for Confederate sword and powder is his affair. At any rate, however, we are bound not to let him go with arms in his hands, not only on account of the Foreign Enlistment Act, but because it may suit him, before he sails for New York, to practise the fighting trade, and flesh his maiden sword in the Saxon oppressor. Moreover, as he acknowledges that Ireland is no longer for the Irish, we have a necessity laid upon us of protecting those to whom, on the Fenians' own argument, the Ireland of the present and the future must belong. There are in Ireland certain cities, manufactures, seats of commerce, homes of capital, centres of civilization and of the arts of peace. The Fenians do not love cities, commerce, capital, civilization, and peace; and they are just the sort of men, before they go, to leave their mark on their rivals. Arming and drilling, and parading about—

Marching along,
Thirty score strong,
Red-handed Fenians singing a song—

are things very well in their way, and we should not have the slightest objection to them if they were confined to the interesting emigrants. But quiet people do not like such neighbours, although they are on the point of losing them. They suspect that the Fenians, belonging to an excitable race which is apt to change its mind, may possibly not emigrate, after all—or may not emigrate so soon as they say they will. They are going out into the wilderness, it is true; but they may choose to follow an ancient example. After all, it may be an Exodus to the very letter, and it may suit these modern Israelites to spoil the Egyptians before they cross the sea. Anyhow, the people of Cork cannot sleep very peaceably in their beds, nor attend to their shops and factories with the calmness which is necessary for capitalists, with the tramp of the Fenian and the war-cry of "Yankee Doodle," or even the "Harp that once in Tara's Hall," ringing daily and nightly in their very mercantile ears. So they have invoked the law, and Judge KEOGH, in a very sensible address, capped by a very sensible sentence, has done something to quench the martial ardour of the Fenians. Some few of them have to exchange the Federal or Fenian uniform for a very convenient but sober attire of grey, and will have to march out in military array, but in silent squads, to garrison Spike Island for the next twelve months.

It is a come-down to these interesting volunteers, and, as we have already said, we think it a great pity that it was found impossible to let these Fenians go to the employer of Fenians let us say—in their own way. But we do trust that, when the military amateurs whose noble career has been so cruelly abridged return from their twelve months' sojourn in a vulgar gaol, some means will be found for letting them have their fling at last. It is perhaps too soon to expect that by this time twelve months Federal cupidity and the interests of Wall Street will have had enough of blood; and as we may fairly reckon upon the continuance of some BUTLER or some SICKLES in some command or other, we hope that a free passage to the Federal headquarters will then be given to the noble spirits who have just been sentenced by Judge KEOGH. It is a pity that such generous ambition should be finally balked. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN has been at the trouble of reckoning up how many Irishmen have been absorbed by the civil war. The tens of thousands of Irish who have already fallen in America in a cause not their own—a cause which simply consists in the attempt to subjugate a population whose only

crime is that they would be free and independent—do but act as a stimulant to others to follow their example. It would be that sort of gain which is a loss to society that the Fenians, having chosen their bed, should not lie on it; and moral justice would suffer if they ultimately missed their chance of perishing in the way they have set their hearts on.

THE RISING GENERATION.

FOND parents may often ask themselves with some anxiety whether the complaints they hear are true, and whether it is really to be feared that the rising generation is likely to be worse than the one that has risen and now occupies in its vigour the face of England. In one sense, most parents would repel the notion at once, and, recalling to memory all their own weaknesses and vices and shortcomings, would anxiously insist that the little boys and girls who are now so pleasant and apparently innocent cannot be likely to be worse. But when the rising generation is complained of, this is not what is meant. It is not supposed that this generation will tremble under a greater load of sin than its predecessor, but that its outward manners and behaviour will be more open to censure. It is said, with some truth, that there is much less domestic discipline than there used to be; that, in the expressive language of Scripture, there are no judges in Israel, and that every one does what is right in his own eyes. The parents themselves are changed, and therefore it is no wonder that the children are changed. Parents now live with their children, see them at all hours, obey all their wishes, and gratify all their fancies. They are like elder friends who pay for the right of petting their juniors by humouring those over whom they are set to watch. The causes which have produced this change are too numerous and subtle to repay investigation or to admit of statement; but the fact is patent, and carries with it certain inevitable consequences. Then, again, the education of the country has gone on in all classes; and although the highest education is no higher than it used to be, there is a great deal more of education which, if rather superficial, is by no means despicable. A considerable author no longer writes for a certain limited set, but for families, for women, and almost for children. No book is thought too hard or too ambitious for any reader, and the amount of vague but eager and aspiring reading that goes on increases every year. Lastly, the country grows richer and richer, and with money come the enjoyments that money can command, while the habits and manners derived from enjoyment are no longer an accident in life, but are the ordinary and daily possession of great numbers of people. These three causes, acting all at the same time, may very naturally have produced a corresponding change in the persons principally affected by them; and it would be strange if those who are now growing up, or who can just be said to have grown up, did not exhibit traces of the effects due to the comparative absence of domestic control, to the general taste for reading, and to the accumulation of wealth in a community which is enabled by its riches to gratify its tastes and caprices.

No one can say that the effect is altogether a good one. In the first place, simple, modest, retiring, accomplished girls are fewer in proportion than they used to be. A few years ago, the novel of the day showed the sort of young lady that was chiefly admired, and she can scarcely have been admired without having existed. She was generally a parson's daughter, lived contented at a rectory, dressed simply, was adored by the poor, was graceful, shy, and dignified, and was rewarded in fiction by the hand of a peer who broke his arm at her father's gate. This sort of girl is unknown to modern novelists, and experience would lead us to suppose that she is unknown or very rare in real life. Even if she were such a person by nature as the old novelists imagined her, she would now behave differently. She would dress like a tulip, wear silks, get up croquet parties, be or have been High Church, know all about the last murder, divorce, and ecclesiastical squabble, have taken sketches up the Nile or at the top of Monte Rosa, and would be perfectly prepared to talk with any one of any nation on any subject under the sun. This is the model young lady of the present day, as she appears both in fiction and in real life. And why is she as she is? Because, ever since she was a child, she has lived on the most familiar terms with her parents, and been accustomed to hear grown-up people talk on all kinds of subjects before her. She has also learnt all kinds of languages and read all kinds of books. The circulating library of the modern type supplies her with a constant stream of works, in every department of literature, which she has learnt to read without the bore of having to read them through. And as her friends are sure to have a much larger income than in other days, and as an income now which is at all above the limit of providing mere necessities will purchase many things—such as the power of visiting foreign countries and of procuring the best instruction—which were not within the reach of persons comfortably off a quarter of a century ago, she has much more enjoyment, many more comforts, more tastes, and more opportunities of gratifying them. So with her brothers. They are accustomed to think that all the household must devote itself to amusing them when they are at home, and are sure that their parents will do all in their power to do whatever is asked from them. The boys of a modern family do not indeed, as a general rule, trouble themselves about learning more than they can help. But even on lazy and heedless boys the diffusion of education tells. They find many more amusing books to read than they used to do. The newspapers have more in them; and many of their amuse-

ments—among which travelling stands conspicuous—imply some sort of intellectual activity. The young men ride and boat and shoot and tour more than they used to do, because these things cost money, and money is more plentiful in the country. All this ease and enjoyment and relaxation of discipline leads to many faults. Those who are accustomed to despise all education which is not thorough, and to think that reading is no gain unless it calls out the intellect or refines and strengthens the character, deplore the indifference to subjects of importance which young people display, the superficial acquaintance they possess with subjects to which they affect to have given their attention, and the little real good which is derived from long hours of novel-reading and newspaper-reading. The habit of enjoyment and the possession of wealth naturally lead to selfishness and ostentation—not indeed of a very bad sort, for comfortable incomes in England are treated now as a matter of course, and are too frequent to provoke either vanity or thankfulness—but still of a sort that lowers and undermines the character. That they have a right to be always amused, or to be always going to be amused, is an axiom apparently with many young people, and this provokes the disapprobation of their contemplative or cynical seniors. Lastly, the relaxation of discipline produces a corresponding laxity of manners, and young people feel and appear much less timid, reserved, and discreet than they used to be. They are not so much in awe of the opinion of those around them, for those around them are much less inclined to pass an adverse judgment. They show their feelings and likes and dislikes more than they did, and let the whole world know their loves and sorrows. They do not scruple—and this is more especially true of women—to place themselves in situations where formerly they would have feared lest their good name should be compromised. They do audacious, extravagant, reckless things, and do not blush to be found out. They also say what they think more than young people did in other days, and utter opinions, orthodox or heterodox, severe or lenient, facetious or philosophical, just as they please—thinking no subject too great or too small, too sublime or too trivial, for them, and having a conviction that their opinion is as well worth uttering as that of any one else, although they might be inclined to own that no opinion of anybody can seriously be said to be of much value, and that the chief use of opinions and of talk generally is to add to the amusement of society and to keep the pot of animated conversation boiling.

But then these young people have, as it seems to us, certain special merits which they may fairly claim to have set off against their shortcomings, and which are, we think, so great that, on the whole, the rising generation may be set down as a decently good one. In the first place, they have great activity. They are active in work and active in play. There is a great disposition to combine the two. Fine young ladies, who are as smart as peacocks and as accomplished as they ought to be, considering that for years they have had the most expensive masters once a week for ten minutes at a guinea a lesson in every subject, art, and science under the sun, will do any amount of work if the call is made upon them. They will bustle about among the poor, and read or preach to them for hours. They are ready for any scheme that may be proposed. They will hold a bazaar, or put on a nun's costume and nurse at a hospital, or collect postage-stamps for the conversion of any nation or the building of any institution, or they will belong to an archery club or a croquet club, or do botany or geology, or travel without resting to Constantinople, or do anything in the world to which piety or caprice or restlessness prompts them. The young gentlemen, in the same way, are taught to combine amusement with business. There are many more young men of fortune than there used to be who wish to lead useful lives of a sort, who have a notion of public duties to perform, who get up or keep alive the cricket clubs and volunteer corps of their neighbourhood, and are ready to help in all such projects as reading and reciting to mixed audiences on winter evenings, or forming church choirs, or superintending projects intended to make the poor better and better off, such as savings banks and workmen's clubs and garden allotments. Of those who devote their lives to amusement, having plenty of money and no call to work, a much larger proportion aim at some sort of intellectual activity, and, if they do not go very high or far into any particular subject, acquire in a desultory way a fair share of information and a certain precarious relish for occasional mental effort. There is a life and a willingness to go through exertion in the English upper classes which is the foundation of unnumbered excellences. Then, again, the same causes which make young people independent of domestic discipline and careless of censure and remark tend to give play to the character and to take people out of a common groove. There is more individuality, more that is personal and special, in the rising generation than there used to be. The young ladies have their faults and their follies, but they are getting further and further removed from being like the pretty Circassian dolls of the East, creatures formed to smile and sit still and look down when men are by, and eager in gossiping and babbling and babyish tricks when they are left alone. Society cannot fail to gain from this increase of independence, for English society is not likely, so far as can be seen at present, to allow this liberty to degenerate into license, and to permit independence to be merely another name for vulgarity, immodesty, and impudence. There is much more of good-humoured difference of opinion and of good-humoured toleration of opinion than there used to be. In lay circles, at any rate, there is little bitterness, whether

theology or politics form the subject of discussion. This is partly, perhaps, because differences are thought of much less moment than they used to be, but it also springs from the more general recognition that differences must and do exist, and that no one need be offended because his neighbour does not agree with him. When the rising generation has come to maturity and in time gets hold of the reins of power, it promises to be an active and spirited generation, following its own path with decision and kindly disposed to the world in general. A generation with such a promise cannot be a bad one, and justice demands that this promise should be remembered when the forwardness or superficial show or boldness of young people provokes comment or reproach.

RESPECT.

IN obituaries, especially of the country press, we constantly see announcements followed by the words "much respected," or very likely "universally respected"; and if we chance to have some acquaintance with the name thus honoured, an opportunity is afforded us of measuring the idea of Respect with its familiar uses. We may perhaps have been ourselves in the way of seeing the deceased periodically in field, street, or market, in his shop or at his own door or in the proverbial gig; and if these encounters have been frequent and periodical enough to constitute a habit of seeing, we find ourselves very willing to be classed among the respecters. To see a man often in the course of many years, so that he shall be one of the features of a neighbourhood (though only first discovered to be such when he is gone), and to know no particular harm of him, is in this point of view to respect him. This, at least, constitutes the universal respect that attends so many obsequies—the respect which follows the announcement that "old Double is dead" or that "Ruggins the currycomb-maker is lying in state," and which no one feels to be an overstrained testimony to the virtues of the defunct. We do not despise it, however. Let us rather hope, for ourselves and our readers, that we may not be undeserving it when our turn comes. Yet surely it bears very little relation to that incense which one might almost call the most precious and dearest homage that men can confer or receive, and without which, at least, every other form of homage is imperfect. To be respected, to be approached with respect, to be treated with respect, to be listened to with respect, to be spoken of with respect, in any genuine, honest meaning of the term, is to be distinguished in a very peculiar way. To deserve respect, what does it not imply? Even the power to respect wisely is a great quality, and almost constitutes a great character. Between persons thus endowed and ordinary "respectable people," as well as between those who profess to respect them, there is a distance which we will not here attempt to define. Our business is with the quality of respect where it is real—the only respect that anybody can care for who gets to the bottom of his desires, and which, as a craving, is even more universal than affection itself, and prior in its claim. Respect is homage to the unseen part of us. In a certain sense it is an inalienable right—that is, there is something in every man which ought to be respected, and which it is an injury and injustice to him to slight. M. Victor Hugo, in the person of Valjean, represents this privation as the most terrible to which convict life is subject; and those who persistently treat with disrespect the persons subject to them are doing their best to crush the human element out of them and to reduce them to the state of brutes.

It is this necessity for respect which prompts men to confer it. We make kings and emperors in recognition of something royal and imperial in ourselves. All conferring of honour is, as we are constituted, a claim on our own part; and whenever a man loses all experience or hope of respect in his own person, he loses with it the power to respect. For this quality is necessarily a commodity of exchange—a social coinage. Whoever is utterly degraded in his own eyes becomes insolent unless restrained by fear; in his inmost heart he is insolent to the whole world. It is impossible to respect others while deprived of our own modicum of deference and appreciation, which is a state of moral outlawry. There are persons who, though trained in the ordinary civilities of life, are yet incapable of the idea of respect—a sort of convicts by nature, lawless, irreverent, without the excuse of a quarrel with society. But this is an abnormal and monstrous condition; indeed, to be born with two heads is a more tolerable deviation from social order than this intellectual crookedness. Nobody can stand such beings, and it is wise to shun them except in a missionary spirit. Ordinary ill-nature and ill-temper always act in contempt of respects, but these act in ignorance. They are dull and lumbering in their atrocities, and outrageous without seeming to know it—as impertinent as Gavroches, wanting his wit and design; and as unscrupulous as the London street boy, without his fun and malice. History, in great social disruptions, shows such people, safe in their insensibility against all reprisals; and now and then we have an encounter with one of them by hearsay, or in our own person, in which case there is a necessary recourse to the theory of transmigration. We recognise the soul of a cur or a monkey in this nature so dead to the demands of time, place, and presence; or one of the tribe of stoat or weasel is before us—creatures which an exasperated naturalist has declared to be, of all the lower creation, most coldly and insolently insensitive to the awe and majesty inherent in man.

Short of all this, however, there are numerous forms of native disrespect more or less developed by circumstances. There is the disrespect of low cunning, the disrespect of cynicism, official dis-

respect, patronizing disrespect, and the disrespect of an extreme protuberant egotism which recognises no claims, no virtues, no standing but its own. Again, there is the disrespect of impotency. All professional beggars are without respect—not only those who clamour for alms, but those who make it a business to lay siege to their fellow-creatures' interest or purse, and a virtue to take no denial. The difference between the wit and the buffoon is often this single one of respect. The buffoon, let him be what or where he will, whether the clown of a circus or the jester of the House of Commons, always shows himself incapable of respect. He neither respects nor cares to be respected; and this failure of respect, where men are accustomed to see it rigidly enforced, constantly passes for wit because it surprises.

I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have.

All transformations and disguises are enemies to respect. People can do many things under a mask which would be impossible to them in their own person. All neglect of order and of the usual decorums argues in the sloven or the lover of singularity some failure here. We have observed this in women who defy fashion. They do not know, nor indeed care to know, the things they have a right to say, the subjects they may with propriety approach. There is the disrespect, too, of undue subservience—the disrespect of the tuft-hunter, who, submitting to give respect without any requital in the circle into which he thrusts himself, indemnifies himself by an attitude of disrespect towards his equals. Any person who is profuse of respect in high places is certain to be guilty elsewhere of counterbalancing impertinences. Much intercourse with a man's social betters, even where it comes naturally, has always this tendency, which every one will yield to who is not alive to it and vigilantly on his guard against it. The world is never without examples of the fatal influence of Court favour in this particular, even on the most blandly civil natures. Again, all sham respect relieves itself by insolence somewhere. The respect of the conventional beadle and flunkey is of this sort, for nature revolts against all respect that is not in its degree reflected back, that has no rebound, that is not given with a tacit understanding of some return. There can be no cringing or toadying without a balance being struck—a perpetration of disrespect as gross, to indemnify the man for his self-betrayal. And, lastly, the characteristic of a mob is its disrespect. It is a crowd of men deprived by contact and excitement of their respect. Nothing and nobody is safe from its tongue or its arm; it is ready for anything; it is all insult and aggression.

The foundation of the Snob is this deficiency. He fails in the power of true respect, and in the perception of what is respectable. He either respects the wrong thing, or he respects the right thing in the wrong way. It is this that tells so terribly on his manners. In the first place, he is obtrusive; he never recognises that sacred retirement, that inner self in each man which no intimacy, not the closest affection, has a right to invade; and he admires what is good and noble only for its outside, and for its effect on the greatest number. Thus he misses the true worth of all that most attracts him, and the more ambitious his aims the more vulgar are his motives of action. But how few people have this gift of respect rightly founded and rightly balanced! It is accepted as a fact that the highest qualities and duties will always secure respect, but this too much implies that all persons are capable of paying and feeling it. Every one of any social standing is of course secure of a certain amount of nominal serviceable respect, but this is not the delicate testimony we mean. The thing worthy of this respect is an essence, not the signs of it that meet our eye; and many things and people are worthy of all respect that fail in any very showy manifestation of themselves. Sydney Smith, in pleading for a sufficient provision for the clergy, complains that all who would confine them to an average of 130*l.* per annum first describe their ideal pastor as learned, of charming manners and dignified deportment, six feet two high, with a magnificent countenance expressive of all the Cardinal Virtues and the Ten Commandments, and then ask, Who would not respect such a man, however poor? Very true, he replies; but what if the pastor is obese and dumpy, striding over the stiles with a second-rate wife, and so on? It certainly needs the gift of respect, in a sense in which all men have it not, to detect worth under such a presentment, and to respect that worth as sincerely as if it were set off with every worldly and personal advantage. True respect has this habit. It always assumes a principle within, and reverences that. Thus, like charity, it takes a poetical and transcendental view of every condition when it can. It respects old age, because it assumes that with grey hairs come wisdom and experience; youth, because there should be purity and promise; middle age, because it does the world's work; high station, because it personates a noble past or present achievement; the masses, because they represent the great aggregate of mankind. It reverences numbers, power, influence, for the great ideas they embody, not for their show or for what it can get out of them.

After all, the true quality of respect is to be seen and felt only in private life, and all its delicacies develop themselves in the closer intimacies and subtler relations of man with man. All people can be respectful and ceremonious; but the respect we value is that which keeps pace with intimacy and prevents any degree of familiarity from degenerating even for a moment into the proverbial contempt. Respect in its purity addresses itself to the moral nature; for the respect paid to great intellect, strength, or beauty is not so much rendered as extorted, or, as we say, commanded. The respect men claim is due to their place, and

every place of standing has it; but the proper incense is offered to something more intimately our own than any attribute or quality. There is around every man who has not lost himself a certain atmosphere that keeps him separate and distinct—a something that repels close contact, and which every mind of delicacy is careful not to infringe, owning a magic line which must not be stepped over, some shadow of that divinity that hedges kings. True love and friendship, which are inseparable from respect, are above all things careful never, even in the most intimate hour, to invade this inner solitude, to pry into this sanctum. They always assume a region of thought into which they have no right to intrude, and the outposts of which must be approached with care, and we may say awe, for without something of the sort there is no respect. The expression of this sentiment, even in family life, used to be through elaborate forms, and in primitive times through gestures and prostrations of the deepest humility; but as society advances in refinement, it leaves compliments, bowings, and salaams far behind. We do not even say Sir or Madam, or your Ladyship; they are all superseded and rendered unnecessary by the mere inflections of the voice. A voice trained in good manners and inspired by respect conveys the subtlest homage while uttering the simplest things, the merest household phrases of every day; and every voice, whether trained or not, while under this influence, can flatter and soothe with a charm unknown to

The rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

It is indeed a great thing in social life to cultivate this deference of speech and voice. Nature assists, if men do not outrage her promptings by yielding to the temptation which intimacy brings. "We all of us," says Miss Austen, in the person of her wisest hero, "know the difference between the pronouns He, She, and Thou, the plainest-spoken amongst us. We all feel the influence of a something beyond common civility in our personal intercourse with each other, and something more early implanted. We cannot give anybody the disagreeable hints that we may have been very full of an hour before; we feel things very differently." This is the respect of intimates, and if we substitute the customary *you* for "*thee*," we still further express that distance and vagueness which shuns too close quarters—an instinct of civility prompting every language to some idiom sacrificing grammatical truth to an idea.

To conclude, nothing shows a more candid and fair mind than this quality in full judicious exercise. Most people respect their betters, and despise or else patronize their inferiors; it is only a mind capable of respect that does real justice to the classes below him or in some other way removed from his sympathies. There is nothing which commoner minds like better than to talk of classes and sets, amongst which they do not care to rank themselves, as ruled wholly by the influences of their caste. We always feel in good company when a temper of another sort exercises its discernment indiscriminately on high and low, and, through that sympathy which respect always engenders, treats what the world calls an inferior with the interest due to individual character, estimates his personal advantages, understands his difficulties, and detects good taste and right feeling under whatever guise, not in condescension, but in simple fellow feeling. It is wonderful how many good people, and good books too, fail in this sort of justice, and perhaps how many get to be called amiable and condescending for the want of it; for, after all, there are innumerable people of so little nicety of feeling that fussy praise or patronage is more to them than quiet respect—respect which yet, in its perfect development, is the acknowledgment and appreciation of all persons' claims and merits, is almost the best gift which the mind of one man can bestow upon another.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

A FRENCH trial always amazes an Englishman in two ways; both the Judge and the Jury always do so very differently from what Judges and Juries commonly do in his own land. Be the accused person ever so innocent, the Judge is sure to worry and badger him, and sometimes in so many words to assume his guilt. Be he ever so guilty, the Jury are sure to find that the crime was accompanied by "extenuating circumstances." As for the former evil practice, it seems disposed of in a dialogue between an Englishman and a Frenchman which we have somewhere read or dreamed of. The Frenchman points to the crucifix in the court as a sign that a French trial is carried on throughout on the very highest principles. The Englishman answers that it is better to do without the material crucifix, and to follow the Gospel rule for the management of criminal trials:—"Why askest thou me? Ask them that heard me; behold they know what I said." But the verdict of "extenuating circumstances," though doubtless arising out of peculiarities of French law, seems to point to a truth in human nature, though one quite beyond the province of Judges and Juries. It is probable that there are what may, in a certain sense, be called "extenuating circumstances" in many more acts of crime than one would at first sight think. We may be certain that the men who do the worst external actions are by no means necessarily the worst men. The verdict of "extenuating circumstances" has become quite meaningless; it is continually brought in when it is clear that there were no extenuating circumstances at all. And even where it may have a certain meaning, it is a meaning which can have no weight in a judicial inquiry; it is an intrusion into the province of jurisprudence of

matters which belong wholly to the province of moral philosophy. No human law can possibly adapt its scale of punishments in any accurate degree to the moral guilt of offences; nor is it desirable that it should try to do so. The object of the criminal law is to punish, and, by punishing, to prevent, acts which are openly dangerous to society—acts of open violence, open fraud, and the like. It does not attempt to dive into men's hearts, to judge of their motives, or to be sure that the men whom it punishes are always worse than the men whom it lets go. We may believe that many a man is hanged who is really a better man than many who are not hanged; and yet neither the hanging of the one nor the escape from hanging of the other need be any sort of reproach against the law. For the law does not hang men for their guilt, but for their crimes. It defines, in the interest of social order, what crime is; and having done so, it must act upon its own definition, and exclude many a plea of extenuating circumstances which a moralist may fairly claim to take into account.

The same sort of notion, in another form, may be traced in the exaggerated inclination of many people—of physicians especially—to make out criminals to be mad. This, like most errors, seems to arise from grasping half a truth. The queer theories which we sometimes hear on this hand—queer at least in the technical language in which they are clothed—have really something in them in the eye of the moral philosopher, though they can have nothing in them in the eye of the criminal judge. The greater the crime, the easier it is to get a mad-doctor to make out a case for the criminal. If a man commits a crime from intelligible human motives—if he is led by intelligible temptations, or excited by intelligible provocations—the doctors take no interest in him; he is a vulgar everyday criminal, who supplies no materials for scientific study. But let the crime be something altogether monstrous, let there be no intelligible motive, no temptation or provocation visible to the eyes of others, then medical science stretches forth her hand on his behalf. The smaller criminal has no excuse; the greater one has done a crime so great that he must have been mad to have done it. Now, from a judicial point of view, this sort of interference is utterly intolerable. It brings in considerations which are quite foreign to criminal jurisprudence, and it paralyses the arm of justice when it is most important that that arm should strike with effect. Yet it does not follow that the doctors are wholly wrong from their own point of view. In some cases of crime there does seem to be something approaching to the nature of madness, though not of madness in that sense in which alone madness can be pleaded as a bar to the sentence of the law. We do not mean the crimes of mere ruffians, or of what we may call professional criminals. We sometimes come across crimes committed without motive, or without adequate motive, and where the crime seems quite out of character with the general disposition of the criminal. The criminal is not mad in any legal sense; even at the moment of committing the crime, he knows that it is a legal crime and liable to legal punishment, and when the deed is done he often bitterly repents it. Some violent temporary impulse hurries him into a particular act which seems to stand aloof as it were from his general conduct. Now in such a case as this there is no real madness, nothing which frees a man from his legal responsibility; but there is something coming near enough to madness to set both physicians and moralists thinking. The man is not mad, but a higher degree of the same state would be madness. Many people, many very good people, have felt sudden momentary impulses, sometimes to criminal, sometimes simply to absurd conduct. The impulse is merely momentary, it is gone directly, and it is not so strong but that it may be successfully resisted without any great effort. The impulse to suicide in some positions—say to throwing oneself from the top of the Monument—is said to be often really very strong, and it has been brought to account for some instances of the kind which otherwise seem unaccountable. Theologians tell us that such strange sudden impulses are direct personal temptations of the Evil One. However this may be, there seems no doubt that they do exist and that they are really not very uncommon. And they certainly seem to partake of the nature of madness. If we can conceive an impulse of this kind so strong as to be physically irresistible, so that nothing but lack of opportunity could hinder a man from yielding to it, we should at once set it down as real madness. And, short of this, an impulse may be strong, it may be often repeated, it may be dwelled upon instead of cast aside; till in the end the deed is actually done. Such an act, we repeat, is not madness in a legal sense, because it is done with full knowledge of the legal criminality of the deed; but we do not wonder at physicians looking on such cases as coming within their province, while to the moralist they present the phenomenon of very bad acts being committed by people whom we can hardly call bad men.

Now it is clear that an impulse of this sort—a sudden, momentary impulse, quite foreign to the general character—is much more likely to be to a great than to a small crime. A man is much more likely to be impelled in this way to murder or suicide than to petty larceny. We know there are said to be such things as "kleptomania" and other "manias" of the kind, and we believe that some real cases of them have existed. These form another class of the sort of thing of which we are speaking. The impulse or temptation is not something which stands all alone in a man's life, but something which is constant, or at least frequent, something in short which amounts to a habit. But habits of this sort agree with the cases of impulse of which we have been speaking in that they do not necessarily affect a man's general character. Those who are possessed with this tendency to steal do not steal

for profit, but for the sake of stealing; they steal things that are of no earthly use to them, and often, when they have gratified the impulse by the act of theft, they send the things back to their owners. Here is evidently something morbid, something of a high degree of which would amount to madness. But as those who are afflicted in this way seem to be fully conscious that their act is unlawful, and as the impulse does not seem to be one which a well-directed act of the will could not overcome, thieves of this sort are certainly, like other thieves, proper objects for the ordinary operation of the law. Still such an unfortunate habit would certainly not put a man morally on so low a level as many who have never stolen or committed any legal crime at all.

Again, there are classes of political crimes which, though rightly punished by law, do not necessarily degrade a man's general moral character. Take the extreme case, the case which has been so much talked of lately, of political assassination. It requires no theory of the lawfulness of tyrannicide to see that Brutus or Tell or Orsini is not to be classed with common murderers. No one would venture to say that they were people of exactly the same stamp as Rush and Manning. To recognise this plain fact implies no approbation of assassination, no reflection on the laws which punish it. Nothing is more certain than that the Gunpowder Plot was a most horrible crime; but it is equally certain that, in every action not connected with the Gunpowder Plot, Everard Digby was an upright and honourable man. No one will say that the word of Charlotte Corday could not have been taken in private life, or that he would have felt his purse in danger in the company of Timoleon. Here, again, is a case where an act which the law rightly punishes stands aloof from a man's general character. It does not necessarily make a man worse in other respects. We say not necessarily, because a conspirator may begin by being pure-minded, and may get to be sadly degraded by dealing with dirty instruments. Pelopidas and Brutus had the great advantage of doing their deeds, whether we count them for good or bad, with their own hands.

And if this be true of the extreme case of assassination, it is true also of political crimes of a smaller kind. They do not necessarily make a man worse in private life. Yet, if they are of such a kind as to come within the reach of the law, the law is perfectly right to touch them. Indeed one might almost say that political vices, such as the law cannot touch, are more likely to do harm to a man's general character than political crimes. A man who practises disingenuous tricks in public life, who trips up his adversary unfairly, who carries one face in office and another in opposition, is really more likely to play tricks of the same sort in private life than a Cassius or an Orsini is likely to stab a private man whom he meets in a dark lane. Yet we do not find that even this result commonly happens. Public vices and private virtues constantly go together; many a man tells lies on the hustings or in the House of Commons who would certainly not tell a lie anywhere else.

There is still another class of crimes, far baser in their nature than any that we have yet spoken of, which still seem, like them, to stand isolated from a man's other actions and not greatly to affect his general character. Every one can supply, from the criminal annals of the last few years, cases of men professing great piety or philanthropy who have turned out to be all the time guilty of monstrous frauds. People at once cry out that they were mere hypocrites—that their religion, their liberality and the like, were all mere pretence. Now there is no reason to suppose anything of the kind. It is more charitable, and quite as easy, to believe that their virtues were real as far as they went; and this belief implies no sort of condonation of their vices. We so commonly confound mere inconstancy with inconsistency that we are apt to set down every case of gross inconsistency for mere hypocrisy. A commercial man commits some purely commercial crime; he applies to his own uses money which is another's. It is probable that he drifts gradually from one crime to another. His first misappropriation is probably made in the hope that no real damage will be done, that he will be able to make good his stealings before the owner wants his money. He goes on from bad to worse, trying, by all sorts of means, to keep up the outward credit of his house. We cry shame on such a man, and rightly; the law punishes him, and rightly. But we need not suppose that his apparent virtues are all put on. He may in fact be more scrupulous than ever in other ways, in the vain hope of atoning for his crimes of one kind by his good deeds of another kind. Crimes of this sort are decidedly morally worse than crimes which spring either from violent impulse or from some mistaken belief as to particular classes of actions; but the fraudulent banker is, after all, a different sort of person from the professional thief. His evil doings are generally confined to his own line of life. Many a man will forge a cheque who would certainly not pick a pocket or break into a house.

The strangest case of a crime apparently not affecting a man's general character would seem to be that of Eugene Aram. Taking the story as it is commonly told, a singularly base, because utterly unprovoked, murder is committed by a man most unlikely to commit murder of any sort. The criminal is described as a shrinking, retiring student, and a man of singular gentleness and humanity towards man and beast. The crime is done, not from impulse, not from revenge, not from any political theory, but to get hold of the murdered man's purse. It looks in fact like a murder of the most sordid kind. Yet it seems not to have affected the murderer's general character; or rather, if anything, it seems to have given

him, in his days of repentance, a character of singular softness and melancholy. Such a deed stands, as far as we know, quite by itself, but it really has most in common with political assassinations. The particular motive is, indeed, utterly different, but in both cases the deed is done with a conviction that some special circumstance makes it allowable. Eugene Aram is said to have persuaded himself that, by taking his victim's purse, he could accomplish a certain good end; the actual murder was not designed from the beginning, but came in as a fatal necessity of the robbery. A stranger perversion of conscience cannot be imagined, but, just because it was a perversion of conscience, it was quite consistent with thoroughly virtuous conduct in every other way. Eugene Aram did one of the worst actions that ever were done, and the law most justly hanged him even after so long an interval, but many a man who has committed no legal crime at all has been a worse man at heart than Eugene Aram.

In all these cases crime is equally crime—equally to be denounced by the preacher, equally to be punished by the law. But in all of them there are "extenuating circumstances," though not such extenuating circumstances as the law can recognise. They are all cases for the moral, some of them also for the physical philosopher. The scientific explanation of such cases is deeply interesting and indeed highly desirable; only neither the moral nor physical philosopher must be allowed to make his theories interfere with the safety of society as protected by the ordinary tribunals of justice.

FRIENDLY INFATUATION.

A VIVACIOUS Frenchwoman of the last century tells in her diary how, upon being presented at Versailles, she was introduced by a very great lady, "qui s'est engouée d'elle." "Voilà," cried the great lady, dragging her protégée after her, "cette personne dont je vous ai entretenue, qui a un si grand esprit, qui sait tant de choses. Allons, Mademoiselle, parlez; Madame, vous allez voir comme elle parle." Seeing that her favourite was rather at a loss, she continued, by way of suggestion, "Parlez, Mademoiselle, un peu de religion; vous direz ensuite d'autre chose." Unless the young lady's intellect was unusually like a musical-box or a barrel-organ, her embarrassment must have been overwhelming. Voltaire himself would have felt some awkwardness in letting off a disquisition upon religion under such circumstances; and the only person whom we can think of as at all likely to rise to the level of the occasion is the author of the *Proverbial Philosophy*. Mr. Tupper, we suspect, might really enjoy being started in this unprovoked way. His productions read like those of a man to whom some silly old lady like her of Versailles had said, "Now talk a little about religion, and then you shall talk a little about something else." But though people are seldom so severely tried by friends and admirers as the young Frenchwoman by her effusive patroness, the practice of trotting out is sufficiently common and carried far enough to constitute a social nuisance of the first order. Trotting out of this kind springs from motives quite distinct from those which prompt the love for lionizing. A lady who moves heaven and earth to procure a slayer of apes or the discoverer of the Mountains of the Moon for her dinner-party or rout does not feel any real interest in the advance of geographical knowledge, or the destruction, skinning, and stuffing of African monsters. A poet, a philosopher, an adventurous traveller, derive their social value from the same causes as green peas at Christmas. They are symbolic, not indeed always of wealth and profusion, but of fashionable tastes, and they demonstrate the possession of a certain kind of social influence. An aspiring dame in a provincial town would be rather puzzled if, on giving a party, she were required to choose between Mr. Tennyson and real turtle, and Mr. Dickens might possibly carry it over strawberries in January. Everything would depend upon the current views of the neighbourhood. Appreciation of literary merit would enter very slightly into the question, and the prime point to be considered would be whether the rival social queen could secure a poet or a novelist of equal repute. Supposing the great man to be selected in preference to some delicacy of the season, the enthusiasm with which he would be exhibited would arise, not from any admiration of his powers, but from a sense of triumph over the wife of the mayor or the vicar. All the fine things which might be said about his genius or his achievements would be neither more nor less than exultant war-whoops over a discomfited adversary. All this is entirely different in its origin from the enthusiasm with which their acquaintances are exhibited and drawn out by people of a certain temperament. Some persons trot out the lion, as an indirect way of trotting out themselves; but, in the other case, the eagerness to show how clever, or satirical, or profound a given person is, may be quite unmixed with any interested or egotistical motive. It is the pouring forth of a gushing and honest enthusiasm. The exhibitor really thinks that he is introducing you to one of the greatest or best of your contemporaries. People of this kind will not allow mediocrity to be possible in their friends, however earnestly these friends disclaim the pretensions made on their behalf. The man who thus has greatness thrust upon him often suffers most painfully from the amiable infatuation. He publishes a little volume of modest poems, and is horrified to find them eulogised by his friendly lunatic, in print, as combining the creative power of Shakespeare, the philosophic breadth of Wordsworth, the splendid impetuosity of Shelley, and the humour of Hood. He perhaps perpetrates an occasional ballad or operatic fantasia, which is enough to justify his persecuting admirer in passing him off as a

rival of Beethoven, and superior to Mozart, before people who know better, and therefore set down the wretched hero as a humbug and an impostor. A Sanskrit dictionary on his friend's shelves convinces him that he is one of the best living Orientalists; and finally, when the victim is goaded into exasperation, and says snappish things, he is represented as having a tongue more piercing and keen than the pen of Junius. Moral qualities are subjected to the same process of exaggeration. A trifling sacrifice is heroic; a very moderate piece of self-denial becomes saintly. In vain does the involuntary saint protest that he has only done what he could not very well help doing, or even, as in self-protection, hint that he hopes to make something out of his sacrifice. The only result is that his modesty and humility are magnified into the same prodigious dimensions as all his other qualities. And besides this, these frantic enthusiasts for their friends carry their sentiments to such an extent as to view friends' enemies as their own. Not only do they insist that So-and-So is the ablest and most virtuous of men, but they assail proportionately all who have not the same faith in him, as the meanest and most envious of their kind. They cannot understand how anything but envy or wilful blindness can fail to see the excellences of their favourite, and they detest or despise all who will not bow down before their own idol.

Some people find in all this the temper of true friendship. They hold criticism and discrimination to be incompatible with real affection or good-will, and condemn as cold or insincere the acquaintance who shrinks from the practice of this private kind of hero-worship. Yet, on consideration, it does not appear that friendly infatuation is the result of any very lofty or solid sentiment. The very men who most constantly exhibit this sort of enthusiasm for their intelligent friends are generally quite as frantic about objects without intelligence. They are just as eager that you should admire a man's drawing-room, or his pigs, or his easy chair, as his matchless intellect and immaculate virtue. In the same way that others think everything that they have is far better than anything that anybody else can have, so a man of this kind generously believes not only his friend, but his friend's ox and ass and everything that is his, to be worthy of supreme admiration. They carry their doctrine so far that the unreasonableness of it becomes palpable. They show that it can have no origin in the understanding, but springs from an overflow of rather watery sentiment. Everybody has noticed this result of a gushing temperament in women, but it is also much more common among men than one suspects. One reason for this is that it is not displayed with the same kind of affected or genuine mannerism by which a woman so frequently makes herself ridiculous. A man seldom, if ever, affects enthusiasm of this sort. When he does exhibit it, he is probably in earnest. But women constantly are in the habit of simulating it where it does not really exist. There being a current notion that female nature ought to be enthusiastic, many women, both young and mature, train themselves up to the regulation pitch, and pretend to be enthusiastic, because men have a fancy that they are intended by nature to be so. The fancy is probably erroneous, and we cannot help thinking that women are radically far less fervent than what is commonly considered the more practical sex. They can get up what appears to men to be an inexplicable excitement about pic-nics, and bazaars, and altar-cloths, and coats and blankets. But this excitement is nothing more than very natural rejoicing at the prospect of something which may relieve the lethargic humdrum of confined domestic pursuits; and we may be quite sure that if all wives could become compositors or publishers, and all young ladies be metamorphosed into conscientious printers'-devils, or high-minded copying clerks, or whatever else it is that Social Science wants to make of them, there would be a speedy end to three-fourths of what is generally interpreted to be innate female enthusiasm. It may be admitted, however, that women seem naturally more inclined than men to be enthusiastic about persons. They are not fervent about ideas, except when the idea is embodied in a convivial form—as in a pic-nic, or a Dorcas meeting. But when a human being of flesh and blood is in question, their views are generally very strong and decided in one direction or the other. They either love very warmly, or dislike very sincerely, or else virtually ignore in their own minds, anybody with whom they are brought into frequent contact. It is to women that we must go for the most striking specimens of friendly infatuation. The virtues of a baby, a husband, or a bonnet, to whom or to which they have attached themselves, are always superlative. Girls at school are far more thorough-going and abandoned in their friendships than lads of the same age. The letters which two newly emancipated misses exchange, and the language in which they speak of one another, seem to exhaust all the resources of enthusiasm. But young ladies are not, as is often presumed, the only infatuated friends. Men sometimes exchange letters quite as gushing and impulsive as those of foolish school-girls, and men, too, who are very far from being simpletons. They are sometimes quite as enthusiastic about a friend as a young lady is about somebody else's baby. And there is this feature in common—the excess of enthusiasm and friendship is about equally short-lived in both cases. Friendly infatuation, though a permanent characteristic of a given man, is by no means constant in its objects. Founded rather on a sentiment than on a sober judgment, it has no root or trustworthy base; and the man who has admired his friend to excess without reason, may very well abandon him, and condemn him to excess, equally without reason. Caprice being at the bottom of the admiration, it is not wonderful that caprice

should overthrow it, and substitute dislike or disparagement. Hence the people who will not permit mediocrity in their acquaintances are fickle and changeable in selecting and retaining those in whom they find or imagine superiority. The great lady who vaguely invited her young friend to talk about religion, and then about something else, probably got tired of her in a few months, and found out somebody else with higher gifts and greater parts. The infatuation of friendship, like every other product of impulsive sentimentality, at once injures him that gives and him that takes. He who likes Plato better than truth is pretty sure to end by liking himself better than either; and though a man may begin by trotting out his friends through disinterested enthusiasm, he will come, in course of time, to think that most people are mere vexation of spirit, and then take to trotting himself out. As for the effect upon the victim, it needs no demonstration to convince anybody that most of us are quite conscious enough of whatever merits we may possess to be able to dispense with a showman. Anything which tends to raise the average of human vanity must be mischievous.

RIGGING THE MARKET.

OF all the industries which modern civilization has developed, the art of bringing out new Companies has perhaps been carried to the highest perfection. Simple-minded natives of rural districts may be the only persons who believe that the quoted price of the shares of proposed companies is a test of the value of their schemes, but it is only the initiated class of stags and promoters who know how to profit by the simple but effective devices by means of which new undertakings are generally launched. Whenever a new company is announced, the curious inquirer may always find its shares quoted in the market as sold (generally at a moderate but gradually increasing premium) long before there are any shares to sell. The interval which elapses between the publication of the prospectus and the allotment of the shares is the time during which the seeds of future prosperity (for the promoters or the future shareholders, as it may happen) are diligently sown; and if the financial atmosphere is at all favourable to the growth of new speculations, almost any undertaking may, by skilful management, be assured of the capital which it asks from the public.

If the company is one which calls forth no special opposition or attention, the process by which it is brought out is extremely simple. Some of our readers may not know what is meant, in such cases, by buying for the account; and in order that the ingenuity of the Stock-Exchange system may be fully appreciated, it may be well to explain the process, though it is sufficiently well known to all who have had anything to do with new companies. Buying for the account, then, is this. Any one who thinks it likely that the shares of a new company will be worth more than par, can go into the market and buy, at the price of the day, to an amount far exceeding any allotment which he could expect to get by applying to the directors. But in order that one person may buy, there must be some one else to sell; and if the premium offered is sufficiently tempting, those who have sent in applications for shares and feel confident of receiving an allotment may be willing to accommodate the eager purchasers who are ready to pay a premium for the privilege of becoming shareholders in the projected company. In this (which may be called the theoretical view of such transactions) there is an intelligible basis for *bond fide* transactions in the non-existent shares of embryo companies, and if this were all that really took place, there would be no more reason to complain of such speculators than of merchants who take contracts to supply articles which they have yet to purchase for themselves in the open market. But, as is common enough in commercial affairs, the theoretical view is very different from the practical one, and in this particular case the difference has arisen from the conditions which the custom of the Stock Exchange has attached to such purchases. The practice is, that the purchaser of shares in an inchoate company makes his bargain on the terms that he is to pay the price on the settling-day which may be fixed for the company by the Committee of the Stock Exchange, and this is what is meant by buying for the account. Before any settling-day is given to a new company, the Committee require to be satisfied that a certain amount of capital is *bond fide* subscribed, and that the rules of honour recognised in that community have been duly observed. Consequently, if a company dies in the birth the settling-day never comes, and the gentlemen who have bought shares at a premium are relieved from their bargains. The only risk the purchaser runs, therefore, is that the company may get its settling-day, and that the ultimate market value of the shares may be less than the price he has agreed to pay, in which case the difference is the measure of his loss. So the risk of the seller is nothing unless a settling-day is appointed; but if it should be, he may find himself compelled to buy at a still higher premium than that at which he sold, in order to complete his contract, and may sometimes find that the shares are not to be bought at all, or only at a price which would be absolute ruin.

Those who play with fire have no right to complain of burnt fingers; but it is quite understood on the Stock Exchange that, at the game we have described, a man's fingers may be burnt fairly or unfairly, and in the latter case he is supposed to have a right to invoke the protection of the omnipotent Committee. It would be very hazardous to attempt to define unfairness as it is understood on the Stock Exchange. A vast amount of logical and moral acumen is needed to appreciate the delicate gradations from right

to wrong which are thoroughly understood by the experts in the unwritten law of that peculiar community. A brief explanation of the ordinary working of the practice we have described, of buying shares for the account, will suffice to show how extremely nice these distinctions must be. The fact that these transactions are all contingent on a settling-day being given introduces a new class of buyers and sellers, in which the genuine traffickers who buy because they want shares, and sell because they expect a larger allotment than they desire to hold, are altogether merged and lost. There is no difficulty in seeing where the buyers come from. Every company that is brought out is certain, if it succeeds, to bring in a certain amount of profit to the promoters, and no doubt they, like other people, cannot be expected to toil for nothing. Sometimes the promoters have a business and stock in trade, or a patent, or a mine, or some other property which the company is to buy; sometimes they may anticipate lucrative appointments, or may have incurred great expense in starting the project which is ultimately to be developed; but in one form or other they are always more or less largely interested in preventing the speculation from collapsing prematurely. If they buy for the account, they risk only a possible loss out of their expected profits; and as the operation necessarily stimulates applications for shares—not only on the part of those who have sold, but of the public at large, who are always eager to obtain allotments of shares which command a good premium—the operation is in fact equivalent to a sort of insurance by which the promoters secure their future profits by the sacrifice (it may be) of some small percentage of the amount. These purchasers are the Bulls, but where do the Bears come from? Sometimes they may be called into existence by the temptation of the large premiums which the Bulls are willing to offer, but occasionally it happens that there are persons who have a special interest in defeating a projected company, and it is often possible by bearing on a grand scale to keep down the market-price so far as to ensure a good profit on the whole operation whenever the settling-day may arrive.

The interesting part of the inquiry is to know what the morality of the Stock Exchange has to say to these dealings. That they are not indiscriminately condemned may be inferred from the fact that, if the practice of buying and selling unallotted shares for the account were abolished or discouraged, as it might be by the power of the Committee, there would be no room either for Bulls or Bears. But the result would be that not one company in ten would get its capital, and the whole game of speculation would languish; and this would by no means conduce to the prosperity of the stockbroking community. Still the Stock Exchange has a very positive, though rather vague, morality of its own. So far as we can discover, it is considered quite venial in a promoter who is not a director to be a Bull, even to a considerable amount; but a board of directors must not buy a share, and such transactions, even by individual directors, are not thought quite right by the severer casuists of the Exchange. The relations and friends, and even the partners, of directors may, however, indulge themselves in purchasing to a reasonable extent, without any slur upon their integrity. As for the Bears, anybody may be one, provided there is no combination to drive the unlucky shares to a discount. Some impatient moralist may exclaim that this is nothing but rigging the market, but this is a great mistake. So long as the Bulls keep decently clear of the restrictions we have mentioned—and, above all, limit their transactions to a moderate amount—the process is described, not as a rig, but by the less opprobrious terms of "making a market," "sustaining a market," or "supporting the market;" and if any enthusiastic inventor were to consult a broker on the prospect of bringing out a company for the working of the most wonderful discovery that the world had seen, he would probably be made to understand that the chances would be greatly improved if he would consent to risk a small portion of his expected gains in making and sustaining the market. All this is quite matter of course, but it is obviously possible for Bulls who are in the confidence of the directors to buy very largely, and then for the directors to allot nearly all the shares to themselves and their friends, and so render it almost impossible for the Bears to fulfil their contracts, and compel them to pay any amount of premium which the fortunate allottees may be disposed to ask. When this happens, the proceeding is recognised as a rig, and many persons will remember a magnificent example of the operation some time since which resulted in the offending company being fairly hooted out of the pure precincts of the Stock Exchange. Ordinarily, however, when the market has been supported with unusual vigour, so as to force the shares to a considerable premium and to secure abundant applications, astute directors or promoters take care to avert a general outcry by selling or allotting a sufficient number of shares to the public to enable the Bears to complete their contracts, though not without heavy losses. If this precaution of "easing the market," as it is termed is not taken, there is always the danger that the Committee of the Stock Exchange may denounce the rig and refuse to grant a settling-day at all.

During the last week the Committee have been engaged in investigating one of these nice cases, in order to decide whether the market had been rigged or only supported, and whether the Australian and Eastern Navigation Company was entitled to a settling-day. The decision was adverse to the company, and the grounds of the accusation and defence are very instructive as to the principles by which operations of this kind are supposed to be governed. The company seems to have been formed to absorb

wholly or in part certain rival lines of steamers, known as the Black Ball, Eagle, and White Star packets, running from Liverpool to Australia. Each of the constituent firms was represented on the Board of the company. The Committee in their judgment state that the company was announced with 40,000 shares, that five of the directors bought 19,630 shares in the market before the allotment, that about 6,000 more were bought by three of their partners, that the directors allotted to themselves 13,124 shares (including a certain number reserved, it was said, for Australia, and kept under the directors' control), and that the company was therefore not entitled to the privilege of a settling-day. In other words, this is a judgment annulling all the contracts which had been so entered into.

The defence of the directors is peculiar. The five Bulls admit, in substance, that they supported the market by the purchase of 19,630 shares, the effect of which operation was to keep up the premium, to exhaust the selling capacity of the Bears, and to set the public buying with sufficient eagerness to raise the premium ultimately to a very high point. Having thus far succeeded, the five directors rejected the sagacious advice of their brokers to ease the market by selling some shares, and perhaps, if this had been done, the crisis might have been averted in this as in other cases. But these directors tell us they were men of principle, and on principle they refused to ease the market, or give another chance to the Bears whom they had vanquished in fair fight. They further urge in palliation that they commenced their purchases on a small scale because their brokers told them that usage required an order to purchase some shares to make a market, and that the enormous extent of their subsequent operations was caused entirely by the obstinacy of a combination of Bears who were as determined to keep the shares down as the promoters were to work them up. All this is extremely probable, and may be very material in a Stock-Exchange sense, though it does not seem to have moved the Committee; but whether this company has or has not received harder measure than others not a whit better is not a question of great public interest. There is a moral in the story for the speculative public, who may learn how entirely fictitious the dividends on unallotted shares may often be. There is a moral for the Stock Exchange and their Committee, who ought to see that, by winking at small offences, they are preparing the ground for irregularities on a larger scale, and that while they frame their rules expressly to encourage the making of a market to stimulate the outside world, they ought not to be surprised if those who begin by supporting, should end by the heinous offence of rigging, the market. And there is yet another moral for the riggers themselves, and that is, that when they have brought themselves to stomach the advice to rig the market, they will not get much credit for the principle which forbids them to ease it.

This example of severity on the part of the Stock Exchange Committee may do something to mitigate a crying evil, but the judges themselves will not be absolved so long as they refuse to put down the evil altogether by the simple remedy, which is in their power, of prohibiting all dealings in the unallotted shares of projected companies. This is the root of the mischief, and we fear there is little prospect of its being reached.

THE LOCK HOSPITAL DINNER.

IF a Charity Dinner is a strange thing, a Dinner for the benefit of the Lock Hospital is the strangest of its strange class. The Lock Hospital is precisely the institution which ought not to be left to the chances of casual charity, still less to that form of charity which consists in eating a bad dinner in a good cause. It is, in name as well as in purpose, afraid to express its own meaning; and many persons who contribute to every other scheme for abating human misery decline to assist the only institution which exists in London for the alleviation of the greatest scourge of the human race. Many are ashamed of even appearing to know the object of the Lock Hospital, and many, on what they call principle, decline to aid in mitigating what they deem a just punishment for a mortal sin. The consequence is that our one Lock Hospital is little known and less supported. But its last anniversary dinner has been made the occasion of something like an official announcement of large social importance.

It may perhaps be remembered that on more than one occasion we have called public attention to the notorious fact of the frightful spread of the class of diseases for which the Lock Hospital was founded, the utter absence of public control over the public health, and the disproportion—ludicrous if it were not painful—between the gigantic evil and the puny efforts which a solitary institution is able to make against its ravages among the population of London. Some months ago we pointed out special, if unavoidable, shortcomings and even errors in the management of this one hospital. At the dinner to which we have adverted, and at which the Duke of Cambridge presided, the serious claims of the hospital were discussed; and the occasion was taken for a public announcement that at length the Government intends to attempt, under the sanction of Parliament, some plan for protecting at least soldiers and sailors from some of the ravages of that disease which lays up thirty or forty per cent. of those to whom the country pays wages. This is all that is intended. It is not—at least it is not directly—in the interests of morality that it is proposed to entertain the question of legislative interference with this particular disease, but only in the pounds, shillings, and pence interest. We pay, and pay very largely, for a healthy and

able-bodied soldier or sailor; we educate and train him at a cost of some sixty or seventy pounds; and as soon as he is in a garrison or seaport town, the chances are that he is either laid up for weeks or so permanently injured in health as to be obliged to quit the service. Anyhow, he is paid wages, and we can get no work out of him. The statistics of the matter show that a force equal to that of two regiments is annually withdrawn from the army by this one cause alone. A scheme, Lord Clarence Paget announced, had been submitted to the Government which might be seen confidentially by those interested in it; and it was hoped that, in the present Session of Parliament, some measure might be submitted with the view of improving the sanitary condition of the army and navy, in garrison and seaport towns, in respect of a certain class of contagious diseases.

No doubt to do only this is to do very little; but to do anything is at least something. This is a case in which pre-eminently the maxim holds—*dimidium facti qui cepit habet*. And it was something to find at the Lock Hospital Dinner so many concurrent testimonies in favour of making a beginning, however small. Besides the Commander-in-Chief and Sir James Scarlett, there were members of the late and present Government attached to, or connected with, the two professions—the Duke of Somerset, Sir John Pakington, Lord Clarence Paget, and Lord De Grey. There was Mr. Arthur Kinnaird, who may be taken to represent religious benevolence generally; and Sir Morton Peto, who stands either for the large employers of labour or for what is called the Dissenting interest. These men are sufficiently typical and representative, and it may well be doubted whether, with such authorities on the side of common sense, the cry of recognising immorality will be raised in Parliament. Indeed, it may be doubted whether this cry ever would have been raised if any Government had plucked up the courage openly to deal with the question. It was boldly proposed by Colquhoun nearly sixty years ago; and though it is said, and generally believed, that the English mind would not endure any legal recognition of prostitution, it is quite certain that this feeling, if it ever did exist, does not exist so strongly now. We much doubt whether, when the proposition comes before Parliament, there will be any objection raised against the principle of interference. And when once the step is gained that it is the admitted duty of Parliament to interfere on behalf of a certain class of State servants, it will soon be felt to be necessary, as well as consistent, to offer the same safeguards to all the Queen's subjects. But sufficient for the day is the good thereof, especially if it embodies a principle.

As to the extent of the evil as regards society generally, there can be no question. This disease, being a blood malady, infects generations yet unborn; and it is a reflection upon our national civilization—indeed it is a relic of barbarism—that we decline to arrest the ravages of this malady. We enforce sanitary regulations in the case of small-pox, and with considerable success. Experience has shown, particularly in the case of Malta, that the spread of this particular contagion can be checked by judicious sanitary regulations, and in that garrison, when the regulations were abandoned, it reappeared in all its destructive virulence. What has been done in the Mediterranean can be done at Portsmouth and Plymouth, at Woolwich and Aldershot. We have no more right to interpose with sanitary regulations in the case of small-pox and fever than we have in this case; and when human life is concerned, we have no right to stand apart because the disease is one connected with moral depravity. Christianity does not decline to interfere with the consequences of other sins, and it would be quite as reasonable to say that we sanction drunkenness because we admit into our hospitals patients suffering under delirium tremens, and because we interfere with the promiscuous sale of ardent spirits, as to say that we sanction sins of the flesh by police interference with prostitution. The law deals with consequences detrimental to the public health, but the law, when it deals with existing disease, neither prevents nor encourages the moral state in which sin, the parent of disease, originates. Existing evils must be met; and when society had a firmer, if coarser, grasp of actual facts, this special evil was dealt with. Even in our own country, the stews, as they were called, were under police control; and vice has lost neither its influence nor its attractiveness because we are so delicate that we pretend not to be aware of its existence. It may be that no legislation will extirpate this evil; but the experience of every country and of every age except our own proves that we can alleviate it. One thing, of course, is easy—to establish Lock Hospitals at the public expense, at least for the public servants of the country; and as we already compel our soldiers and sailors to attend to some sanitary regulations, there is not even an innovation in enlarging this interference with a man's private liberty to ruin his own, and not only his own, but other people's, constitution. And this is the more necessary, as the army and navy surgeons, being only men, very naturally take as little trouble as they can. And, we say it with reluctance, English practitioners, having no special school of instruction for this malady, are less accomplished than every other European faculty in this particular line of practice.

Much, however, will depend on the character of the legislation which is about to be attempted. Unless the plan is very carefully matured, a false step at starting will throw the whole question back perhaps half a century. At present we believe the public mind to be quite prepared for some legislation. But merely to establish new Lock Hospitals will be but little; and should it be proposed to arm the police with new powers, the greatest care will be required

in so very delicate a matter. Already the police are theoretically empowered to relieve our streets from their present disgusting condition. It is certain that they do not; perhaps it is equally certain that they cannot. At any rate, simply to leave prostitutes to the caprice of the police might make matters even worse than they are at present. Policemen are neither above nor below the ordinary temptations; and even if they are incapable of bribery or favouritism, they must not be subjected to the imputation of being open to influences of this sort. The experience of University towns shows that even where the power of apprehending suspected women is lodged in very responsible hands, and where great judgment is shown in the exercise of that power, mistakes and injustice sometimes occur. To allow common policemen to apprehend suspected women, or to allow them to pronounce what women ought to be suspected, would, unless very efficient safeguards were introduced, be productive of immense evil and of possible abuses of power; and we suspect that nothing can be effectually done unless the class of *femmes publiques* is generally registered and controlled. In garrison towns, and in the lower ranks of life, this would check the worst forms of evil; and at present we must be content with doing what we can where we cannot do what we would. We can protect the soldier and sailor to some extent; we can protect—for, after all, it is protection—the partner of his sin by compelling her to attend to her own health; we can also interfere with the purveyors of this poison, as well as with the purveyors of other poisons. True it is that the suffering is the righteous result of sin; but so are most of the miseries of the world. Our pleasant vices bring their terrible retribution in other cases as well as in this; but we do not legalize those vices when we try to cure or prevent their consequences. There are many social evils besides this; and charity might decline to open its hand at all if it were only permissible to alleviate those sufferings which a man has not brought upon himself. Moral as well as sanitary reformers may really have cause to rejoice in any attempt to deal with this particular evil; for, few and scanty as are the annals of the Lock Hospital, they are not without their records of converted souls as well as of corporeal healing.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THIS year's boat-race was in three respects pleasantly distinguished from some or all of those which have preceded it. First, the weather was delightful; secondly, the steamboats behaved tolerably well; thirdly, the Prince of Wales was present. The steamboats must be allowed credit for having kept in rear of the racing-boats, although perhaps they only did so because they found the pace too great for them. But they paid not the least attention to the convenience either of the Prince of Wales or of the umpire. The steamboat carrying the Royal standard was jostled and obstructed without the smallest scruple, and the umpire's boat was seen fast in the embrace of another boat, and utterly incapable of performing the duties for which it had been chartered. The race, like that of last year, took a turn which rendered the umpire's services unnecessary, for Oxford soon left Cambridge so far behind that there was no more probability of dispute between them than there would have been if one boat had been practising upon the Isis and the other on the Cam. It is impossible not to feel disappointed at the hollow character of these contests in recent years, not only on account of the tame aspect of events which are looked forward to with eager interest, but also, and principally, because the conclusion has become inevitable that the art of rowing has so far declined at Cambridge that the process of restoring it is likely to prove difficult and tedious. Cambridge had this year got together a strong crew, and it is possible that, if the water had been as rough as it sometimes is, strength might have done something towards compensating for the superior skill of Oxford. But the day happened to be one of the finest and calmest that it would be possible to find in early spring, and the gentle breeze that blew was all in favour of the rowing. Under such circumstances, it was inevitable that the superior skill of Oxford should produce its full effect, and the judgment of all experienced observers was unanimous that the race was won by style. If the Oxford boat was not quite as good as it had been in three preceding years, still it was very good indeed, and it afforded a satisfactory example of the perfection to which rowing ought to be and can be carried. The difference in style of the two boats had sufficiently revealed itself to practised eyes during the exercises of the week previous to the race. If two boats pull over the same course on different days, it is not possible to feel satisfied that the circumstances of wind and tide can be so exactly measured as to allow of one performance being compared, without risk of error, with the other. But if it is seen that the crew of one boat do their work as fast as the other crew, or even faster, without so severely taxing their strength and endurance, there needs no further indication of the probabilities of the approaching contest. Enlightened and passionless spectators quietly offered 5, 6, or 7 to 4 on Oxford, and there was always sufficient patriotism or ignorance among friends of Cambridge to produce takers of these odds. The great principle of backing one's own University is held by undergraduates to an extent that must be highly gratifying to the fortunate possessors of the leisure and skill required to observe what takes place between Putney and Mortlake in the week preceding the race. It is said, indeed, that Oxford made a nice little profit out of the occasion of the Athletic Sports, which brought thither several hundred Cambridge men disposed more or less to

bet upon the boat-race, of which, at the distance of a fortnight, the prospects were naturally less clear than they afterwards became, and consequently there was greater room for hope than at a later day. The betting upon this race is not confined to members of the Universities, and it seems that the disposition to speculate upon it increases every year through the persuasion that here is at least one sporting event in regard to which no shadow of suspicion rests upon the performers. The betting public like the somewhat unusual feeling of confidence that, if they lose their money, the side which they have backed will have honestly done its best to win it for them. For this reason it is not wholly unsatisfactory to notice that a good deal of betting takes place upon these races, but at the same time it must be owned that this betting is their least agreeable feature.

It is not improbable that the day's proceedings were accelerated for the convenience of the Prince of Wales, and many a cabman has reason to thank His Royal Highness for causing him to get a fare to Putney. To old rowing-men who had been unable to be present at the trials the first opportunity of forming a satisfactory opinion of the crews was afforded as they paddled down to the starting-point. It was not difficult to ascertain what the general judgment was. Oxford men, looking at the Cambridge boat, said "That will never do." Cambridge men, with eyes turned in the same direction, preserved a silence more eloquent than words. Even when the start was made and Cambridge got away with a slight lead, there was not even a momentary delusion as to the ultimate issue of the contest. The Oxford crew settled down quietly to their work, drew level with, and then in advance of, their opponents, improved the lead as they proceeded, and when they had taken the Cambridge water the race was virtually at an end. The boat which carried the Prince of Wales was so placed as to obtain an excellent view of the start, and so long as anything like racing was to be seen the Prince had an opportunity of observing it. It did not appear that any regard for etiquette restrained other steamers from pushing before or across the beaver of the Royal flag, but, on the contrary, there was the usual unceremonious scramble for places, in which the least scrupulous fared the best. However, the Prince saw all that was really worth seeing, and it is to be hoped that he may be encouraged to come again upon some day when Cambridge shall have found out the secret which is wanting to enable her to contend on something like even terms with Oxford. The managers of the race for Cambridge seem to have done all they could to pick a good crew, and there was no lack of perseverance and resolution either in their training or in the race itself. Probably the remedy for existing defects can only be gradually applied. All has been done that could be done during the last month, but it will be the work of many months, or perhaps of years, to create a style of rowing comparable to that of Oxford.

The day was finished, as usual, by a dinner given to the two crews by the Thames Subscription Club, which has been founded for the laudable object of encouraging rowing both among amateurs and watermen. The leading members of this Club and some of its guests bear names which are well remembered in the aquatic contests of twenty or more years ago, and some of those names have since become so distinguished in the great world as to prove that mental ability and force of character may not unhopefully be looked for among the crew of a winning or even of a losing boat. Oxford men ascribe a large share of the honours which they have gained in the last four years to the presence in their boat of those who can do well some other things besides handling an oar. If these races were not tests of intellectual and moral, as well as of physical strength, they would not deserve the high place which has been accorded to them in public estimation. But, in truth, their popularity is a guarantee that no failure need be apprehended of the qualities which have made England great, and in this point of view the performers of last Saturday deserved all the attention which they received. There were speeches at the dinner from old oarsmen and from young. One speaker told the company that he pulled No. 7 in the Cambridge boat in 1839, to the best stroke he had ever seen. Among the guests was Mr. Goschen, member for the City, who excited much amusement by explaining that his pretensions to the character of a boating man were very small, for, having once taken an oar at Oxford, he happened to hear certain remarks proceeding from some one behind a wall, the effect of which was to convince him that nature had not designed that he should excel in aquatic exercise. Another speaker hereupon remarked that Mr. Goschen had made the first step towards excellence by discovering his own deficiency. Whether the Oxford University boat suffered through Mr. Goschen having thus relinquished rowing cannot be known, but it is probable that he judged wisely in devoting his energies to those pursuits in which he felt himself best qualified to succeed. His presence at the dinner was a testimony of the interest which is felt in rowing even by those members of the Universities who have not themselves excelled in it. Another speaker was Mr. Tom Taylor, whose early experiments in rowing at Cambridge suffered a discouragement somewhat similar to that sustained by Mr. Goschen. Mr. George Denman, who presided, and his brother, the Rev. Lewis Denman, were in the Cambridge boat in some of its greatest days. They could choose no better method of maintaining the popularity of rowing than by aiding the Thames Subscription Club in its effort to entertain worthily those who have won, or tried to win, the same distinction that gladdens the memory of their own youth. It is difficult, on such an occasion, not to feel regret for the days which can return no

more. But there is some compensation in sitting at the same table with the competitors of the morning, and seeing them enjoy that rest which is sweet after labour done. The Thames Subscription Club claims to offer to the University crews the first dinner which they eat after emancipation from the strict rules of training, and it may be safely asserted that the wine which accompanies that dinner must derive from previous abstinence a particularly agreeable flavour. No doubt eating and drinking, and proposing and acknowledging toasts, are processes in which it is difficult to suggest novelty. The services of the cook and of the wine-merchant were certain on this occasion to be generously appreciated, but even a month's training and a severe race do not excite any special interest in speeches in which it would probably be difficult to discover anything which had not been said many times before. There are, however, two speakers at this dinner whom every one hears and sees with pleasure—namely, the Captains of Oxford and Cambridge, when they return thanks on behalf of their respective crews, whose health is drunk with hearty plaudits. Mr. Carr, on the part of Oxford, explained that others besides himself had largely contributed to bring the crew to the state of efficiency which had been that day exhibited. Mr. Hawkshaw, for Cambridge, had tried all means to improve upon last year's performance. He had hoped something from the weight of his crew, but he had hoped in vain. The ordinary routine of a public dinner is not, as many a reader will feel, exhilarating; but there is genuine pleasure in contemplating the youthful and vigorous aspect of the crews, and listening to the simple accounts which their captains give of the efforts which they have made to secure victory or to avert defeat. Friends of rowing would really derive satisfaction from these dinners, and they cannot show their friendship better than by becoming members of the Thames Subscription Club.

THE GEOLOGY OF CANADA.

THE Provincial Government of Canada has lately issued a volume embodying, with much new matter, the condensed substance of all the previous annual reports which from time to time have been published by the authority of the Colonial Legislature since the establishment of the Geological Survey of Canada in 1843. The preparation of this bulky octavo of nearly a thousand pages has been carried out by the indefatigable director of the Survey, Sir William Logan; and the style in which the work has been got up, the precision of the drawings, and the accuracy of the wood-cuts, may almost challenge comparison with the execution of similar scientific productions on this side the Atlantic. There has been a steady persistence in the conduct of this remarkable Survey, honourable alike to the successive Governments that have encouraged it and to the officers who have carried out the work. No other Colonial Survey has ever yet assumed the same truly national character, and the day may come—if ever the "Imperial Colony" shall claim and attain independence—when the scientific public of a great nation, looking back upon the earlier dawnings of science in their land, shall regard the name of Logan, a native born, with the same affectionate interest with which English geologists now regard the names of our great geological map-makers, William Smith and De la Beche.

Neither practical men, in the vulgar sense of the term, nor men of science will ever doubt the value of this anatomizing of the physical structure of Canada. But if, in the colony or elsewhere, there is any one so shortsighted as to doubt the wisdom of spending money on researches which do not always suddenly tell on the pockets of the community, let him consider that, in addition to positive benefits, the mere negative results of such a Survey have a distinct practical utility; for many a hopeful and unwary speculator, if he will but believe what is expressed by the colours on a geological map, will save himself from the prosecution of undertakings which end in disappointment and ruin to himself and his associates. But on higher grounds than these, the effect of the encouragement of science in a rising country is surely not to be despised. The foundation of such a Survey is like the foundation of those noble Universities which have already arisen in the colony, elevating the tone of society by the admixture of a learned and scientific element, commanding the respect of the intellect of their own population, of those "at home" in the old country, and of foreign savans all over Europe. That far-seeing Government which knows how worthily to execute so great an undertaking may also well command respect. The following are among the more important results set forth in the recently published volume.

When Sir William Logan commenced his investigations in Canadian geology, nothing was definitely known in that country with regard to the rocks underlying the older palæozoic or Silurian series. The granitic and gneissoid rocks, both in Europe and America, had been studied lithologically rather than geologically; and though, from the days of Ilfuton downwards, the theory of metamorphism has been gradually establishing itself, yet even now there are men called geologists who cannot persuade themselves that almost all the gneissic rocks of the Scottish Highlands are merely metamorphosed Lower Silurian strata, and that similar masses in the Alps are the altered representatives of the secondary rocks of the Jura, and some of them even of the Eocene Age. As early as 1844, Sir William recognised a great system of altered strata, forming the oldest known rocks of Canada, and perhaps of the world, unless those of the Lewis and the extreme north-west of Scotland may be in part their equivalents. These in Canada had previously been

regarded as unstratified, and Sir William was the first who successfully applied himself to the study of their structure. Extending from the coasts of Labrador into the regions of the Far West, contorted and disturbed in the extreme degree, a very wilderness of dreary swamps, forests, rivers, and innumerable lakes, the difficulties to be overcome in the examination of the Laurentian rocks were very great. They have nevertheless been described, and their constitution has been analysed over great areas, and Sir William has discovered—what will be new to most geologists—that these antique rocks include two great series, with an aggregate thickness of probably not less than from 40 to 50,000 feet. Of these, interbedded with the gneiss and quartzite, the oldest includes at least three bands of limestone, equal in extent and thickness to many of the separate formations of more recent periods, one band alone attaining a thickness of more than 1,000 feet. In old times, when geologists drew upon their imaginations for their facts, so-called primary limestones such as these were necessarily considered to be unfossiliferous; but of late, since the metamorphic theory of rocks has taken root, sound reasons have begun to surmise that all stratified limestones of great extent and thickness must have been formed from the life and death of organic bodies, and a few geologists were therefore more pleased than surprised when the Director of the Canadian Survey announced the discovery of forms in the Laurentian limestone resembling corals of the genus *Stromatopora*. No one who has thoroughly realized the geological meaning of metamorphism will be surprised at the rarity of organic remains in the altered limestone, when it is remembered that, even if originally entirely formed, like our own Carboniferous limestone, of organic bodies that lived in the seas of the time, yet if these organisms "retained their calcareous character," their organic structure would "be almost certainly obliterated by crystallization, and it would be through the replacement of the original carbonate of lime by a different mineral substance that there would be any chance of the forms being preserved." In the fossils discovered, the layers of the possible *Stromatopora* "are composed of crystalline pyroxene, while the interstices are filled with crystalline carbonate of lime."

At an early period of the Canadian Survey, a great group of crystalline rocks was distinguished by the predominance of Labradorite and similar triclinic feldspars, and rumours are abroad among geologists (though not published in this volume) that the recent investigations of Sir William Logan have shown that they belong to a younger series, which rests unconformably upon the more ancient Laurentian gneiss, and attains a great but as yet unknown thickness. The suggestive significance of this fact will be thoroughly appreciated by those who keep pace with the advance of geological theory, and time—for ever time—will be the burthen of their thoughts; for first comes unconformity, telling of upheaval, contortion, and long-continued waste and denudation of the lower formation before the commencement of the deposition of the overlying strata, and then comes the question of the metamorphism itself. Were the Lower Laurentian masses metamorphosed before the deposition of the unconformable beds, or were they both subjected to metamorphic action together? If the former, then not only were the older rocks denuded before the commencement of the later epoch, but they must, after disturbance, and long before that denudation, have been buried deep towards the so-called central heat, under many thousands of feet of other strata; for, if modern theory be good for anything, it is only far from the surface of the earth that heat, aided by alkaline waters, produces a wide-spread crystalline metamorphism. If, however, it happened that the metamorphosis of both series took place at once, where are the other formations under which they lay when the metamorphic action was going on? No man has seen them in all Lower Canada, for the whole Laurentian series had changed from common sediments into gneissic rocks and crystalline limestones, and had been bared and formed a most ancient land long before those Lingula beds (Potsdam sandstone) began to be deposited above them which have been fondly termed the Primordial Zone—primordial no more if the corals of the Lower Laurentian limestones are true.

There is another theoretical question that readily rises to the mind from the consideration of these phenomena. Most persons conversant with stratigraphical geology will incline to believe that both series of metamorphic rocks are altered marine strata. Their great thickness tends to this belief, and the corals, if proved, confirm it for the lower series. Neither, in any set of marine strata, is it easy to conceive how thick and wide-spreading bands of limestone could have been formed except as organic sediments; and, if this surmise be correct with regard to the metamorphic strata in question, then what relation is it likely that the fossils of the upper formation had to those of the lower, on which they rest quite unconformably? The answer is, that if inferences recently drawn from detailed examinations of British palæozoic and secondary formations are correct, then marked unconformity is always accompanied with a *break* in the succession in life; or, in other words, the species in the upper unconformable formation are, to a great extent or altogether, distinct from those found in the strata on which it rests. It requires little reflection to understand that time is the accompaniment of this change of species, especially if we adopt Darwin's theory of descent with modification; for it is almost impossible to over-estimate the length of the period implied by the consolidation, disturbance, contortion, and denudation of an older set of strata before a newer set were fairly laid on their denuded edges. Where are the formations, and the fossils, if any, that represent the period when the old land stood for unknown epochs above these

ancient seas and received no deposits on its surface? We do not know, for with us they are not represented by any strata, and the time thus unrepresented was of great but unknown duration. If so, then—from our experience of unconformable rocks in which fossils are common—the chances are overwhelming that the fossils, the remains of which formed the Laurentian limestones both of the lower and of the upper series, were nearly, if not altogether, distinct; the old life having died out by slow gradations long before the beginning of the new. Deposits of graphite in the same series possibly point to the existence of vegetable life at the same early period.

A third series of rocks is found in Western Canada between the Laurentian and the base of the Lower Silurian strata. These, which have been termed the Huronian series, are the supposed equivalents of our Cambrian rocks, and spread out along the northern shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and extend into the interior. Mapped by that veteran geologist Mr. Murray, they have been shown by him to consist of strata more than 10,000 feet thick, of quartzites, diorites, and slates, with interstratified limestones, and they are intersected by numerous and important copper-lodes; but the rocks in which these lodes occur are quite distinct from the formations on Lake Superior bearing native copper, which belong to the part of the Lower Silurian series which are known as the Quebec group.

We approach this Quebec group with something like awe, for since the name first reached this side of the Atlantic it has been enveloped in a cloud of geological dust which, beginning in size like a man's hand, has spread from Montreal and Albany, through Paris, all the way to Bohemia. Now, let us hope, that it has fairly settled down, we may venture to say that, lying above the Potsdam sandstone (on Lingula beds), they are considered by Mr. Billings, the palæontologist of the Canadian Survey, to be of an age between the first and second faunas of Barrande, or approximately equivalent to the Llandeilo rocks of Murchison. Consisting of the calciferous and Chazy subdivisions, this formation occurs in great force near Lake Champlain, and ranges through Eastern Canada all the way to Newfoundland, lying on the south-east side of a vast dislocation (perhaps the longest and greatest known fault in the world) that ranges all the way from Champlain along the shores of Gaspé, into regions yet only half explored. These strata in Eastern Canada form a fourth great metamorphic series, intersected by veins of quartz, and there is reason to suppose that the superficial detritus in which gold was found in considerable quantities has been derived from their waste; nor is it improbable that another great influx of gold from those regions may some day surprise us, if ever the country should be scientifically explored.

Space will not permit us at present to notice the Black River, Trenton, Utica, and Hudson River formations of the Lower Silurian series, nor all the other subdivisions that range through Middle and Upper Silurian and Devonian rocks to the Bonaventure formation that lies at the base of the Carboniferous strata. On a future occasion we may return to this subject, and at the same time discuss the careful studies of Mr. Sterry Hunt on the metamorphic rocks, the results of which are contained in this volume. But, before concluding this notice, we may mention, for the benefit of those interested in the subject, that half a chapter of the book has been devoted to the superficial formations of the country; and those who are versed in the progress of glacial geology within the last two years, or who have been accidentally attracted by a brisk correspondence that has lately been carried on in the pages of a literary contemporary, will be interested in learning that one who has been styled the first physical geologist in America has not ignored the subject of the excavation of rock-bounded lake-basins by ice. This theory, early in 1862, was propounded by Professor Ramsay for the lakes, not only of Switzerland, but, including North America, for a great proportion of those parts of the Northern hemisphere the rocky surface of which had been moulded and ground by glacier ice; and any one who is attached to the hypothesis that such lake-basins lie in great rents and fissures, or are caused by special subsidences of disturbed strata, may perhaps be able to explain how it is that such disturbances occur by the thousand in those northern, but often far from mountainous, regions in which ice has prevailed, while in warmer latitudes, or at lower levels uninvaded by ice, but in which the strata have been equally disturbed, these disturbances have failed to produce similar lake-basins. In the meanwhile, the author of the theory need not, perhaps, quite despair. It was many a year before the glacial theory of Agassiz, to which this may be considered a mere pendant, made way; and if the author is too apathetic seriously to fight his own battles, it may afford him some satisfaction to find his views already advocated by such distinguished physical geologists as Sir William Logan and Dr. Newberry in America, and Professor Jukes and Mr. Geikie on this side the Atlantic.

REVIEWS.

THE FEDERALIST.*

IT is a common reproach against the Americans that, with many opportunities, they should have produced so few books of any real power or originality, nor is the reproach by any means

unjust. Since the Declaration of Independence they have had no Franklin, no Hamilton, it might almost be said no Jonathan Edwards—though whether that is a loss is quite another question. On the other hand, they have been faithful enough to the memory of the eminent men whom they did produce in former times. The few remarkable books which were formerly written in America have been made the most of, and have been constantly republished. The *Federalist* is one of the most important of these, and though comparatively little known in this country, at least of late years, it appears to have been republished continually in America; and a most elaborate edition—as handsome as type and paper can make it, and enriched with a preface which discusses at vast length, and with every appearance of great research, every point connected with the authorship of the work, and with the particulars of the editions through which it has run—has just been published in New York. The first volume contains the *Federalist* itself and the learned preface in question. There is to be a second volume of notes, which has not yet appeared, but which, if well managed, might be made very interesting.

The *Federalist* is a book altogether unlike anything in English literature. It is a record of the controversies which attended the establishment of the American Constitution, and may be taken as a manifesto setting forth, on the part of the authors of that measure, the views which presided over their work. As most of our readers are aware, the relations between the thirteen colonies which proclaimed their independence in 1776 were at first regulated by articles of Confederation, by which each State was recognised as an independent body, though certain powers were delegated to Congress. After the conclusion of the war, the Confederation fell into the greatest discredit, both at home and abroad. It was inefficient to the last degree. Its great leading defect was that each State retained so much power that the Central Government had practically none at all. If it wanted troops or money, it had to make requisitions on the separate States. If they refused to obey, which they often did, there was no remedy except civil war, and the consciousness of this utterly paralysed the Government. The money credit of the United States sank to the lowest ebb, their finances fell into inextricable confusion, their military force almost disappeared, and the Confederacy seemed likely to fall in pieces from inherent weakness. In this state of things, a Convention met at Philadelphia, in the summer of 1787, to settle the scheme of a general Constitution. In September it was submitted to the States, with a proviso that, as soon as nine of them ratified the Constitution, proceedings should be commenced under it; and during the latter part of 1787 and the beginning of 1788, the series of letters afterwards collected under the title of the *Federalist* appeared in the New York papers under the signature of "Publius." Their object was to explain the nature and benefits of the proposed Constitution, and to persuade the States in general, and especially the State of New York, to accept it. There is, of course, a literary controversy as to the authorship, which those who care for such matters may read about in the preface to the present edition. It appears however that, whoever may have written particular papers—there are in all eighty-five—Hamilton wrote nearly three-quarters of the whole, and Jay and Madison the remainder. Jay, according to one account, wrote four, and Madison fourteen, besides three others in which he was assisted by Hamilton. This, however, is a small matter. Substantially, Hamilton may be regarded as the author, as he was also the most active and conspicuous of the authors of the Constitution itself.

It must be admitted that it requires a considerable effort to read the *Federalist*, especially in the present day. It belongs, as we have said, to a class of literature of which we have hardly any examples in this time and country. For years past our political speculations have been assuming more and more an historical character. We always begin, and very wisely, by examining the motives and circumstances which led to the establishment of a given institution, the way in which in course of time it has been adapted to changes, and its aspect in relation to the existing state of affairs. The *Federalist* is almost entirely prospective. A great many historical examples are cited in support of the author's theories, but the bulk of it consists of conjectures as to the effects of particular measures recommended by the Convention, and as to the way in which popular objections to them may be parried. These inquiries are in one sense altogether superannuated. The experience of nearly eighty years has shown that many of the objections, and many of the answers to the objections, proceeded upon mistaken views, and has also disclosed many circumstances which the authors of the Constitution overlooked. But if experience deprives the *Federalist* of interest in one direction, it unquestionably adds new interest to it in another. We are now in a position to form some sort of opinion as to the success of one of the greatest political experiments ever made in the history of the world, and it is in the last degree curious and instructive to compare the history of the experiment itself with the anticipations of those who took the chief part in trying it. The Constitutions of other nations have for the most part been made by slow degrees. Rome was built we hardly know how. It gradually became a great power in the world. Its municipal officers became imperial; it passed through all the various changes of growth, maturity, and decay; and at last it passed away from the world, broken down partly by the Church, partly by the barbarians. From its ruins sprang modern Europe with all its varied institutions, put together bit by bit, and transformed from generation to generation in a thousand ways. The case of the United

* The *Federalist*. A New Edition, with Notes. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

States is almost the only one on record in which political builders assembled together, and proposed to erect a tower impregnable to the floods which had ravaged the rest of the world, and reaching a long way towards heaven. The *Federalist* is the memorial of those plans and hopes on which history is the comment. It is our object on the present occasion to compare the anticipation with the result.

The first thing that strikes a modern reader of the *Federalist* is the complete absence from it of all those faults which we are apt to consider characteristic of American composition. It is altogether free from the least touch of extravagance and affectation. Indeed, the fault of the style is that it carries gravity almost to the point of stiffness and cumbrousness. In the next place, there is not a word of exultation in it. The writers do not appear to anticipate any sort of new era, nor are they at all excited by the notion—which in the present day, even in the midst of their calamities, appears ineradicable from American minds—that their country is after all the greatest, the richest, the most powerful in the world. A more sober book never was written, nor would it be easy to mention one which showed more frequent traces in every part of the calmness, we might almost say of the austerity, with which experience had led the author to estimate human nature. He obviously thinks that it is what it always was, and that it never was anything very splendid.

Without entering upon minute discussions the interest of which was transitory, we will try to trace out the broad outline of the problem which lay before the authors of the Federal Constitution as they conceived it, and to show the sort of solution which they wished for, and at which they ultimately arrived. In the first place, they were genuine republicans. They held that, in all governments, sovereignty is (by which word they seem to have meant ought to be) in the people, and that the government enjoys so much power only as the people surrender for the common good. To Englishmen in general this appears a mere piece of bad rhetoric, and it almost always is so; but in the mouths of Hamilton and Madison it had a distinct and most important meaning, though, as it appears to us, a mistaken one. This meaning was that, in the constitution of a government, the power given to every branch, and to the whole body put together, ought to be expressly limited, so that there should be no body (like the British Parliament) regarded by law as omnipotent; and they further considered that, in order to preserve these limits, the powers so conferred ought to be divided into different departments—executive, legislative, and judicial—as nearly as possible independent of each other. This doctrine, the result of the somewhat hasty and incomplete political and social theories of the eighteenth century, had immense practical consequences. By drawing a sharp clear outline round each man's sphere of authority, and round the sphere of the authority of the Government itself taken as a whole, it greatly diminished the moral checks upon power. Assume that a ruler is a mere agent for a limited purpose, and practically remind him of this by hemming him in on all sides with legal restraints, and he ceases to feel himself responsible for the condition of the country, and becomes, by the nature of the case, a party man, acting for the interests of his masters—those, namely, who put him where he is. Deal with power simply as an existing fact, lay down no propositions at all about its origin, leave its precise extent undefined, and you not only provide a reserved fund of vigour which on great occasions may be capable of efforts essential to the preservation of the community, but you invest the holder of this authority with characteristics which, both in his own eyes and in the eyes of others, put him under moral obligations to the community at large far stronger than the legal obligations which restrain a mere official, and far more wholesome than the moral obligations which bind a man to his party. An hereditary King, or a President for life with the power of a King, would be an unspeakable blessing to the United States in their present distresses. The indefinite fear of a possible revolution would have given the public a much stronger hold on him than the definite fear of not being re-elected gives them over Mr. Lincoln, and the consciousness that he was the head of a great nation would be a very different thing, to a generous mind, from the consciousness that he was the representative of the Republican party.

A subordinate object, which the authors of the Constitution appear to have considered most important, was to comply with Montesquieu's maxim that the legislative, judicial, and executive powers should be properly divided. A considerable part of the *Federalist* is filled with arguments to show that this maxim had not been violated, at least in its spirit. It is a singular proof of the power which abstract speculation exercises, and especially of the power which it exercised in America eighty years ago, that this objection appears to have been most popular and effective, and that the authors of the Constitution seem to have felt themselves greatly concerned to give it an elaborate answer. Considering that all the three sets of powers were by the theory, and also by the practice, of the Constitution vested ultimately in a body so numerous that it may, without much practical inaccuracy, be described as the bulk of the population of the United States, the question seems to have been treated with undue attention. There is, however, a vast deal of ingenious speculation on the subject, the merits of which can hardly be estimated without an acquaintance which an Englishman can hardly be expected to possess with the actual working of the Constitution.

Subject to the general principle of republicanism, which lies at the bottom of the whole Constitution, and also to the division of power to which so much importance was attached, there can be

little doubt that the object of the authors of the Constitution was to make the Federal Government as strong as possible, and to reduce the rights of the individual States within the narrowest limits. The great difficulty which they had to encounter was in the jealousy with which the individual States viewed infringements on their authority, and the most interesting part of the book to modern readers is the light which it throws on this part of the subject. It is very remarkable that the writers in the *Federalist* appear unable to find any distinct objection to their plan with which to grapple. Their general line of argument is that the inefficiency of the existing Confederacy is an admitted fact; that the only way in which its inefficiency can be remedied is by constituting a national Government, acting directly upon individuals within the sphere of its authority, and not, as the old Confederacy did, upon States; that it is also admitted that the thirteen colonies are, if possible, to form one and not several nations; and that from all these admissions it follows that some such scheme as the one proposed must be adopted. The rest of the book is occupied with detailed explanations of particular parts of the scheme and with answers to special objections. This argument was practically irresistible, and it prevailed; but it is obvious, not only from the *Federalist*, but from other sources, that it prevailed in spite of misgivings which were not at all the less real or important because they appear to have been somewhat indefinite. It would appear as if those who objected to the Union were unable to tell from what quarter the storm was to come, or in what way the Constitution was to enable it to act; but they seem to have felt that there was something wrong—that a central authority such as it was proposed to set up would, somehow or other, and at some time or other, contrive to tyrannize over the individual States. The principal jealousy was directed against the Government. It was supposed that Congress, that the Senate, that the President would tyrannize. There is a grave argument in one place to show that a two years' tenure of power would not give the members of Congress a dangerous influence.

To this the writers of the *Federalist* reply by detailed arguments applied to specific parts of the scheme. They show how little is to be feared from Congress, from the Senate, from the Judges, from the President. Their tone throughout is that of people excusing themselves for being so aristocratic and setting up officers whose authority may at first sight appear liable to abuse. They explain that the officers of the Union are not really so formidable as they look; but it is sufficiently obvious that they would have liked, had they ventured to do so, to have given more power to the Government, and that they did, in fact, go as far in that direction as the temper of the times would permit. They treat from time to time, and as much apparently as they dare, of the danger of the tyranny of Legislatures, and especially of the tyranny of one part of the nation over the other—an evil against which they hope to guard by the great diversity of interests existing in the Union. This they hope will prevent any majority from combining for the purpose of oppressing a minority. From the beginning of the book to the end of it there is hardly any mention of slavery. It is, indeed, referred to with the strongest disapproval in connexion with the clause which gave the slave-owners votes for three-fifths of their slaves. The Northern States considered this unfair, as giving the South an undue advantage in elections, but throughout the whole discussion it never seems to be supposed that questions connected with this subject would produce any quarrel between the States. The diversity of commercial interests is the only one to which the writers refer.

Stated in the most general way, the drift of the *Federalist* may be described somewhat as follows:—Do not be afraid that this scheme of government which we offer you will injure your State rights. It may look formidable. It has, no doubt, that amount of power which is essential to efficiency; yet, for this, that, or the other reason, it will not oppress you or any of you, and it will make the United States into a great and free republic—one for all purposes for which unity is desirable, many for purposes for which multiplicity is more convenient. Till within the last few years, the Constitution was supposed to have stood the test of experience, and was regarded in America with passionate admiration, as a perfect masterpiece of human sagacity. Of late it has been the fashion to regard it as a failure. The question whether either of these views is even proximately just is a very hard one. The great leading feature in American history—a feature which is not the less important because it is constantly lost sight of—is that, just at the time when the country gained its independence and completed its arrangements for government, an age of discoveries began which poured such a flood of men and money into the continent, then lying almost entirely vacant, as was never before in the history of mankind poured into any part of the world. The prodigious and almost fabulous rapidity of the progress of the country in all kinds of wealth protected its institutions from the strain which might otherwise have been put upon them, by turning the whole souls of the people towards the great object of devouring as rapidly as possible the enormous and almost illimitable meal which had been prepared for them. During the whole of this period the Constitution worked excellently, and this—though people may be inclined to forget it in the excitement of the present civil war—is no small praise. If the reclaiming of enormous wildernesses, the providing of an outlet for the surplus population of Europe—the production, in a word, of boundless wealth in every conceivable form—is a good thing, then the Constitution was a wise measure, for there can be no sort of doubt that the adoption of it contributed in the most direct and powerful manner to all these

results. It certainly did, to a great extent, form the whole country into one nation, and to a great extent contributed to its prosperity. The great thing which it did was to set up a King Stork, having direct power over individuals, for the old King Log who could do nothing but make requisitions upon States. Whether the elaborate machinery of the Constitution was as beneficial as the leading principle of the measure itself is quite another question. Some parts of it undoubtedly have altogether broken down. For instance, the election of the President by electors chosen by the people at large was supposed to be a security for the appointment of men of high character and ability. The security turned out to be worthless, inasmuch as for many years past the electors have always been so completely pledged before their election that they might as well be dispensed with altogether. It is hardly just to regard the present civil war as proof of the failure of the Constitution. It could hardly have been foreseen. The Constitution no doubt did leave unsolved the great question as to the right of secession. The question whether or not, under the Constitution, construed as a legal document, the States had a right to secede, is about as ingenious a puzzle as any other question as to the meaning of a studiously ambiguous document. There are some things in it which look as if the States had such a right, and others which look as if they had not. The *Federalist* does not discuss the question at all. It once alludes to it in connexion with the old Confederacy, the infirmities of which it ascribes in great measure to the want of any ratification by the people. The old Confederacy was ratified only by the State Legislatures, and this, says Hamilton—

has in some instances given birth to the enormous doctrine of a right of legislative repeal. Owing its ratification to the law of a State, it has been contended that the same authority might repeal the law by which it was ratified. However gross a heresy it may be to maintain that a party to a compact has a right to revoke that compact, the doctrine itself has respectable advocates, &c.

This is the only reference contained in the *Federalist* to the great question which has since convulsed the whole Union. It must, in all probability, have occurred to the authors of the Constitution. Probably they did not deal with it because they felt that to give or withhold the right in question would be inconsistent with the whole character of their plan. To withhold it expressly would have been equivalent to destroying all chance of the ratification of the Constitution by the States. To give it expressly would have been to put the Union at the mercy of every one of thirteen bodies, all liable to caprice. They therefore took their chance, and left the question outstanding, in the hope that it might never be necessary to solve it. The result ought not to be charged upon them too heavily. If there had been no Constitution, there would, it is true, have been no civil war; but it is very doubtful whether Europe would ever have been relieved of the pressure of a starving population, and whether America would have been cultivated as it has been for a century to come. Who can strike the balance of such an account?

LOOSE THOUGHTS.*

THERE is much that is very acute and clever in this book. But there is also a great deal more that is intolerably conceited, captious, dull, and in bad taste. The author would seem to have been some talkative London diner-out, who had the faculty of remembering smart things, and who, instead of keeping a commonplace book of *bons mots* for private study and reproduction, has chosen to pour his loose recollections and inconsecutive remarks upon the world at large. The form into which he has thrown them justifies this theory of their origin. They are scraps of dialogue, such as we are wont to term table-talk; and their author pretends that they are written by a smart young gentleman in order to delude his father into the belief that he had diligently collected and faithfully recorded the conversation which he had had the privilege of hearing among a company of clever men. Mr. Fonnereau showed his ingenuity in the creation of this figment, for the scraps of wisdom which his book contains are just such as a quick and clever youth might scribble off to gratify the sense of his own importance, and to exhibit the extent of his experience, and the acumen of his insight into men and things. Every question under the sun is touched upon, and dismissed, either with a flippant answer or with no answer at all. For it has been the especial privilege of the Dialogue since the days of Plato downwards to raise the vastest clouds of doubts and difficulties, and to leave them to subside as best they can. The philosophy of the *Diary* is what may be termed a practical lawyer's epicureanism. It has nothing ideal or mystical about it, nor does it despair or lose itself in depths of scepticism; it is unable to see anything that is very high and bright and beautiful, yet it never advocates what is repulsively immoral and unlovely; it is extremely acute within a narrow sphere, and uses logic with a neat and skilful touch, but the eyes of its intelligence are blind to any of the subtler and more imperceptible forms of truth. A man of fashion with a balance at his banker's, who has lived a bachelor's club life, talks in this way, and the world to him is much the same machine as Mr. Fonnereau has found it. Like Mr. Fonnereau, he takes up religion, art, and literature with fastidious pincers; like Mr. Fonnereau, he draws out caustic speeches with a large imperinent complacency; like Mr. Fonnereau, he makes a cheap and shallow display of erudition, for he has been a scholar in his youth and loves to strut in borrowed plumes. Let us hope that

Mr. Fonnereau and all his tribe may one day see things as they really are, and lose this jaundiced eye and this carping, consequential, *ex cathedra* tone.

Taking the discussions in this book as a sample of the ordinary conversation of the present age among clever and well-informed people, we cannot help being struck with the wide diffusion of various knowledge, the multiplicity of quotations, and the acute aphorisms which have become the common property of educated men. Essays which are now written by young men fresh from college, and dialogues which pass unheeded at half the tables in London, would a century ago have roused the attention of men whose power of thought and expression cannot be equalled at the present day. We have not grown wiser, stronger, or more profound than our ancestors; but extended wealth and culture, and the printing press, have communicated to all what only a few once possessed. What we have lost in artistic power and philosophical depth we have gained in technical skill. We originate less, but we use the creations of others with more address and facility. Good writing, the power of clearly and easily conveying thoughts to paper, is, up to a certain point, a very common gift. This our numerous ephemeral publications prove. But a new and vigorous style is a rarity as great as ever. And in like manner that smart thinking which consists in the application of a narrow analytical method to the vastest subjects, in the use of high-sounding generalities, and in clever pilfering from ancient stores of wisdom, may be easily attained by a quick and intelligent intellect at the present day. Unfortunately a high market price is set upon this writing and this thinking, so that many people whose silence would have been good solid silver now plague the world with leaden garrulity. We must console ourselves by reflecting that this supply is regulated by a demand which indicates the existence of thousands yearning to be instructed in things that have become commonplaces to the better educated, and that the mass of useless matter which clogs our literature may serve the same purpose as rubble thrown into the foundations of a stately edifice. The world has broken up its old palaces, and is carting the fragments with a dull and hodmanlike assiduity. But the time may come when, from the dead level of splintered stones, real artists will raise perfect colonnades upon the prosaic basements of these common labourers. In the preface we are informed that the *Diary of a Dutiful Son* was reviewed by Lockhart in the *Quarterly* of March 1850, while the book was still unpublished. This review consists of extracts from the work, preceded by a few remarks, of which we quote the following:—"Among the turbulence of faction and the contempt of antiquity which enlivens the existence of moderns and embellishes their taste, a few specimens of these quasi-monastic Ana may amuse the elder and idler of our own congregation." On the whole, this reviewer has made a just estimate of the *Diary*, and his method of selecting passages from its pages is one which, had we space, we should be inclined to follow. But fourteen years ago this kind of writing was less common than it is now. The Country Parson then contented himself with his own recreations, and did not tell the world his thoughts "concerning" everything under the sun and something beyond it. The recent increase of such literature seems to justify our being more severe upon an unusually pompous and pretentious specimen than Mr. Lockhart found it necessary to be. Let us examine some of Mr. Fonnereau's opinions, and let us begin with what he says about religion and the Church:—

Ignorant people cannot be kept in order without religion; and, to keep them in order by means of religion, it is necessary that they should believe it. This can be accomplished only in two ways—either by not allowing them to be taught any religion but one, or by encouraging them in whatever religion they may attach themselves to. When coercion is abandoned, it is useless to higgie about apparent conformity.

Thus the conversation is opened by one of the interlocutors. Another objects that "persons who can scarcely understand their mother tongue" ought not to be suffered to prate about "conscientious opinions on points of theology." This the first speaker allows to be a most reasonable view, but he adds, with regard to the ultimate purpose of religion, that "the object is to get the string through their noses. Whoever holds it, they are sure to be under better guidance than their own." This raises the question of the Establishment, and some one asks "What is the use of an established Church?" Then the beginner of the conversation, whom we may justly regard as Mr. Fonnereau himself, since he always speaks with authority and wins the battle, thus begins to develop his theory of the Church:—

To make a standard. What opposes the established religion must make some endeavour to approach it in merit. Besides, it is of the greatest importance to have a set of educated men always ready to combat fanaticism; and this can be secured only by an endowed Church, with preferment worthy the ambition of men of talent. The great prizes attract the adventurers in every lottery. In the Church there is no longer the prize of popular influence to be obtained; and as for religious zeal, it is "crucifixus, mortuus, et sepultus"—not to go any further.

Here we have the whole of Mr. Fonnereau's religious principles and theories of Church government, and a fine specimen of his dandified epicureanism do they present. We may briefly restate them thus:—"Of course, no one cares for religion in itself; zeal, enthusiasm, piety, and all that sort of thing have long ceased to be better than an old song. But it is necessary to bamboozle the masses, and prevent their breaking out into fanatical fervour which might offend good taste. Therefore we will train a set of gentlemanly watch-dogs, who must of course be bribed to do their disagreeable work. We cannot expect disinterested energy from them, for that is all humbug; power we cannot give them, for the Church has lost all influence; we must therefore hold out to

* The *Diary of a Dutiful Son*. By T. G. Fonnereau. London: John Murray. 1864.

them the hope of rich benefices." The worldly wisdom of this view may be profound; but we cannot be brought to admire its taste, nor does its policy seem to us more subtle than that of a vulgar-minded charlatan. There would be no reason to condemn it were it not pronounced with the insolence of a fine gentleman who thinks that he patronizes every subject that he touches, and who cares far less for truth than for what he considers to be in good taste. Speaking in another place of religion, he says:—

In religious controversy, it would seem that the best way is to adopt a capital absurdity at once, in order to get rid of all lesser difficulties, rather than to attempt to reconcile objections by palliatives and expedients, which you are forced to abandon one by one.

The exact meaning of this paradox is not very manifest, nor does the discussion which it provokes tend to make it clearer. But Mr. Fonnereau is prolific in paradoxes of this refined description. For instance, *apropos* of the Jesuits, we find this dictum:—

"To do evil that good may come" is undoubtedly the practice of every rational being; but the good must be in prospect, not in speculation.

In another place, talking of oratory, he remarks:—

In modern times we find that shallowness of thought and shamelessness of utterance are the principal requisites of public speaking.

And again:—

Imitation can never be complete, and therefore, to be successful, it must be redundant in whatever constitutes the peculiarity of the original.

This smart and slashing habit of expression is so common with Mr. Fonnereau that we are surprised to find him gravely and justly condemning Rochefoucauld's maxims for their undue generality. *Dolus versatur in generalibus* forms the text for this critique, which may be recommended as one of the most acute and clever in the book. It is a pity that Mr. Fonnereau did not always keep his motto in mind when he was writing on his own account. Some of his short and pithy sentences, however, are really well expressed and truthful. Here is one written about superficial knowledge:—

Men now pick up knowledge as the Jews did manna in the wilderness. "He that gathers most has nothing over, and he that gathers least has no lack." Every one knows something of everything—the sure way to know nothing well.

The following is no less caustic:—

Most men seem to consider their school-learning as if it were like a tadpole's tail, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

Mr. Fonnereau seems to have had a true legal dislike to metaphysical speculation. He is very hard upon the Germans:—

N.—Do you suppose German metaphysical works to be speedily written? S.—That is difficult to determine; because one cannot know to what extent a puzzle-pated fellow may puzzle himself. Whereas the object of every good writer is to make profound things clear, the object of the Germans is to make clear things profound. If you take the trouble to hunt a German abstraction into a meaning, you will commonly find that it is either a truism or a mysterious something, "quod ideo credendum quia impossibile."

The new species of chase which he has here suggested promises much amusement. To hunt an abstraction into the lair of its meaning, and then to discover a truism or mysterious something, reminds one of the attempt to catch Proteus. Mr. Fonnereau does not seem to have been always successful in his hunting expeditions, for one day he came upon the track of Spinoza, and, when he had caught him, he pronounced that most impalpable philosopher to be "a materialist." Perhaps he would have contended that between "substance" and "matter" there is only a metaphysical difference, and so we leave the point. But this inaccuracy makes us not unnaturally suspicious of Mr. Fonnereau when he largely condemns what perhaps he imperfectly understood. There is one passage written in this style about the Philosophy of History, which Mr. Fonnereau defines a system "in which everything is to be accounted for by principles elaborated from the mind of the author." He seems to have been only acquainted with Niebuhr and Arnold. It is a pity that he never stumbled on Hegel. Then we should have seen an exhibition of logical acumen, and might have cried with Plato, *ὅς ἐστιν ὁ θεὸς τὸ ψυχράιον*—"with what sharp eyes the little creature looks!"

We have said that there is much that is clever and acute in the *Diary of a Dutiful Son*, nor do we wish to retract this praise. Few could read the book without being amused with it, and some passages are full of good sound sense. What Mr. Fonnereau says about Law and Government seems to us more successful than his philosophical criticisms. He has written an excellent paper upon Proverbs, and in a short discussion respecting the value of mathematical studies has summed up the pith of those objections which Sir William Hamilton and others bring against the exact sciences as means of intellectual culture. We may conclude by extracting this neat and clever description of a good epitaph:—

An epitaph should be short enough for everybody to read, simple enough for everybody to understand, and pungent enough for everybody to remember. It would also be desirable that it should be native, that it may be known to natives; and Latin, that it may be known to foreigners and future ages.

MEMORIALS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.*

IT is really wonderful how a local society—for the Surtees Society, though its field of work stretches over several counties, is still a local society—can find such important materials as fill this series of volumes year after year. Of course a local

* *Memorials of the Abbey of St. Mary of Fountains.* Collected and edited by John Richard Walbran, F.S.A. Published for the [Surtees] Society by Andrews & Co., Durham. London: Whittaker & Co.

society sometimes publishes matter which would be hardly in place in a national series, and it naturally follows a somewhat different mode of editing and illustrating. Still many of the Surtees volumes—most perhaps of those that we have seen—would be quite in place in a national series. The present volume on Fountains Abbey is quite as valuable as the volume on Gloucester Abbey lately published by the Master of the Rolls, and it is certainly better edited. How is it that the North of England stands alone in the production of such a series? Elsewhere we get nothing but the desultory papers of county Archaeological Societies, often exceedingly valuable and worthy of a larger circulation than they get, but still desultory and not systematic, and not commonly consisting of such a mass of original documents as we have here before us. Yet we cannot believe that all matter of this kind is confined to the North of England, and that the East, West, South, and middle have nothing to show. One reason perhaps is that the North of England has, so to speak, kept together, in a way that no other equally large portion of the country has done. The Surtees Society embraces, not a single county, but an ancient kingdom; its "endeavour," Mr. Walbran tells us, is "to illustrate the intellectual, moral, religious, and social condition of the district once comprehended in the ancient kingdom of Northumbria." Propose such an endeavour for Wessex or Mercia, and nobody would know what you meant. East-Anglia still cleaves together in some degree, but then East-Anglia is very much smaller than old Northumberland. The objects of the Cambrian Archaeological Association have more analogy with those of the Surtees Society than any other local association, but then a Welsh Society has the disadvantage of dealing with what is, for historical purposes, a foreign country, and one of the least known of foreign countries. We do not know whether anything like the Surtees Society could flourish in any other part of England; it is certain that the Surtees Society does flourish, to the great benefit of historical literature, in "the district once comprehended in the ancient kingdom of Northumbria."

The present volume of *Memorials of Fountains* consists of a Chronicle of the early history of the Abbey, reaching from its foundation in 1132 to about 1207; of another, much less full, but reaching down to the middle of the fifteenth century; and of a mass of documents relating to the house, of all ages down to the Dissolution. Altogether here are materials for a very minute history of the Abbey; and the Editor, Mr. Walbran, seems to be thoroughly suited for his office. He dates from Ripon, so that he has every advantage of local knowledge, and he seems to have dived into every corner for materials, and to be quite able to make use of them when he has found them. The Surtees Society's Editors are not, like those employed by the Master of the Rolls, forbidden to illustrate their texts with notes; on the other hand, we miss in the Surtees books those marginal analyses which, when even decently done, add so much clearness to the texts of the other series. Mr. Walbran's notes are very full indeed, amounting, it would seem, to a complete account of every person and place that is even incidentally spoken of. Very often he goes much deeper into local and family details than is either clear or interesting to a Southumbrian reader, but in a local Northumbrian series they are probably all in place. He prefixes an analytic preface, after the model of some of the best in the Master of the Rolls' series. He brings it down, however, only to the end of his earliest Chronicle, promising the rest to accompany another volume which is forthcoming. Altogether Mr. Walbran has done his work thoroughly well; our only quarrel with him does not seriously affect the history of Fountains Abbey. His English is sometimes not a little queer. Did he write in some distinctively Anglian or Danish dialect we might not object, but we cannot reconcile ourselves to phrases more fitting for a penny-a-liner than for a learned antiquary. Such phrases we mean as sending certain monks "back to their caputular machinations;" "exemptions and franchises powerfully resultant, in principle, in the consolidation of the Papal influence;" "the convent was in the most exile [*sic*] condition;" "the grim relic"—meaning not anybody's widow, but the supposed skull of Abbot Thirsk—and "of a gentilitia family." It is too bad to call St. Robert of Knaresborough a "Northern celebrity;" and we do not know what is meant by saying that the last Abbot, Marmaduke Bradley, "under other circumstances, might have proved one of the most useful and efficacious [efficient?] rulers of a house of whose ruin it was his fate to become the exponent." Mr. Walbran should not spell "site" "scite," as it is spelled in country newspapers and auctioneers' handbills. "The King confiscated the stalls in the cathedral" is an odd way to express a seizure of the prebendal revenues; and of all needless and awkward ways of talking, surely the most needless and awkward is to speak of a thing "appearing in its entirety," a word which Mr. Walbran improves on by spelling it "entierty." And surely the following is not the way to tell a story:—

Robert Buttvilleyn having claimed the maintenance of a horse and a pack of hounds at the Abbey, and suffered discomfiture in the gjection of his steed, by a subtle device, from the Abbot's stable, he threatened excision generally to their horses' tails, and dire demeanour to the brethren; for the which he was likened by them to Achitophel and to Herod.

The most interesting times in the history of a monastery are commonly those of its foundation and of its suppression. Of the foundation of Fountains Abbey we have an excellent account in the first Chronicle printed by Mr. Walbran. This was dictated by Serlo, an aged monk nearly a hundred years old, but who seems to have quite kept his wits about him, to a younger brother called Hugh of Kirkstall. This Serlo is a memorable man on another

account, if he be, as he seems to be, the author of those wonderful trochaics which record the Battle of the Standard. The Abbey was of the Cistercian order, as one might almost guess from the mere position of the building and the ruins still remaining. Most of our famous ruined Abbeys were Cistercian. The Benedictines on the one hand and the Friars on the other affected the towns; their churches and buildings therefore for the most part have either vanished altogether or else still exist, in whole or in part, applied to modern purposes. A few, like Glastonbury, survive in an intermediate state, but they are few compared with the vast abundance of Cistercian ruins. The Cistercians commonly avoided the haunts of men and planted themselves in wildernesses, which wildernesses they had, beyond all other people, the art of making fruitful. Hence, in most cases, the grantees of a Cistercian Abbey had no object either in destroying it or in preserving it; he stripped off the lead and whatever else was immediately valuable, and left the building to its fate. Some indeed were utterly destroyed for building materials, but very few were preserved, as so many Benedictine churches were, as places of worship in the new order of things. A Cistercian Abbey commonly still exists, but in the form of a ruin, as is the case with Fountains and most of its daughter churches.

Fountains Abbey owed its origin to what now-a-days would be called a religious revival in the Benedictine house of St. Mary at York—itself, by the way, an exception in some degree to our rule about Benedictine ruins, though its remains are small as compared with those of Cistercian Fountains. Certain of the monks, with the Prior at their head, felt a call to a stricter life, such as that of the Cistercian order, then lately introduced into England. Their Abbot, Geoffrey, opposed them; Archbishop Turstin favoured them, and a wonderful scene took place at the door of the Chapter-House when the Prioress came to visit the Abbey. It was the converse of the no less wonderful scene immortalized by Matthew Paris, when Archbishop Boniface visited the monks of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield. The London monks submitted to be beaten in their own choir by the Savoyard Archbishop and his followers; but the York monks, tall and canny Danes as we may fancy them, came very near to beating their Archbishop. The Prioress had brought with him the Dean and some of his Canons, and other secular clergy, among them William the Treasurer, afterwards Archbishop and Saint. These the Abbot would not admit; as secular and profane persons, they would disturb the quiet of the cloister. Their quiet was defended by an army of monks from various places ranged in something like battle array, reminding one of the old days of Cyril of Alexandria and Peter the Reader. But let Archbishop Turstin tell his own story, as he tells it to Archbishop William Cortell of Canterbury:—

Denique introitibus nobis, sicut dictum est, ostium capituli, occurrit nobis dominus [abbas] in ostio cum monachis quibus capitulum plenissimum erat, et nisi partem clericorum, qui mecum veniebant amoverem, introire prohibuit. Vix tantum respondere potui, quod sine clericis meis qui viri boni et sapientes et eorum amici erant, ad tantum negotium intrare non deberem; cum, ecce, totum capitulum tanto strepitu, tanto horrore, perterritum, ut magis sediciosus ebriorum et debacantium hominum fremitus, quam monachorum humilitas, que ibi nulla erat, putabatur. Insurgunt plurimi, et exertis brachiis velut ad luctandum advolabant clamant omnes se exci-turos si ego intrarem.

Tum ego. "Testis," inquam, "mihi est Deus, quia sicut pater adveniebam, nec quicquam mali vobis inferre cogitabam; pacem tantum inter vos cupiens, et Christianam fraternitatem. Jam, vero, quia mihi quod episcopalis auctoritatis et officii est auferre conamini, et ego quod vestre necessitatis est vobis interim tollo. Cesset igitur ecclesia vestra."

Tunc unus, Symeon nomine, "Maluimus," inquit, "centum annis ecclesiam nostram cessare!" Cui omnes assentientes, voce frenetica, "Capite," inquit, "Capite!" Apprehendentesque Priorem sociosque ejus, jam trahere incipiebant, volentes eos, sicut inter se consultum fuerat, aut in carcerem detrudere, aut in exilium exponere. Ipsi, vero, non aliam interim qualiter evaderent manus eorum spem habentes, me totis brachiis cunctantur, pacem Beati Petri et nostram expetentes. Et ita vix in ecclesiam reversi sumus, illis usque in ecclesiam frementibus et perterritantibus; "Capite rebelles, apprehendite proditores!" Assedimus itaque in ecclesia, et abbas cum reliquis monachis suis revertitur in capitulum. Interea homines abbatie, foribus clausis et ostiis, ad omnes aditus astare, et velut ad insidias excubare. Tum nos, ut verum fatear, monachorum impetum metuentes, ostium ecclesie per quod iter in claustrum, intus obserare curavimus. Interea rumor egreditur; accurrit populus; nichil tamen, foris, dictum aut actum est mali.

In the end the Archbishop took off the Prior and the others who aimed at a stricter life and planted them on a manor of his See near Ripon. There they must have had their fill of privations after their doubtless—for the twelfth century—comfortable quarters at St. Mary's. Now-a-days, when any institution is founded, the first thing is to build a great house; the inmates come after as it may happen. In those days men came first and stones afterwards. We believe that the founders of monasteries and colleges always first got together their monks or scholars, and then built the house they were to live in. This custom pressed very hard upon Cistercian monks. Scholars, and even monks or friars in a town, might find some sort of lodging till their proper quarters were prepared, but how should men live at Fountains till Fountains Abbey existed? Archbishop Turstin knew his men; he literally turned them up under a great elm tree, giving them lands indeed, but no house to live in. They ran up some sort of huts and lived on how they might, till the splendid fabric which we admire in its desolation gradually arose.

To leap to the other end of the story, Mr. Walbran's collection contains a great deal of important matter bearing on the last days and the final dissolution of the Abbey. There is a letter from the Visitors Legh and Leyton to Cromwell, setting forth the bad life of William Thirsk, Abbot of Fountains. Of this

letter Mr. Froude (vol. ii. 423) has printed so much as was convenient for his purpose. In Mr. Walbran's volume may be seen the whole letter, and some others which throw light upon it. Mr. Froude, after some preparatory talk in his usual style, brings forward with great delight the charges urged against Abbot Thirsk by the Visitors of being a notorious dilapidator and fornicator. He also brings forward with equal glee the charge against him of theft and "sacrilege" in making away with certain ornaments of the Abbey. "Sacrilege" is put forth prominently in the marginal analysis. Directly afterwards we are quietly told that the Visitors themselves were ordered to take away "the superfluous plate"—an act which, one would have thought, was, if not sacrilege, at least burglary, but for which Mr. Froude has no hard name at all. That Abbot Thirsk was probably a man of bad private life, and certainly a bad ruler of his monastery, there is no doubt. But how do we know the fact? By a record which shows that, five years before, the monks themselves were anxious to get rid of this evil Abbot. This appears very plainly from a letter of Henry Earl of Northumberland, whom they seem to have employed as an intercessor with Cardinal Wolsey for that purpose. This reformation was probably cut short by the Cardinal's fall. Of this Mr. Froude tells us nothing. He may not have seen the document, though it was already in print; but he must have seen the latter part of the letter of Legh and Leyton, of which he himself printed the former part. Abbot Thirsk resigns quietly; how is his place to be filled up? Let the Visitors speak for themselves:—

There is a monke of that howse callede Marmaduke, to whom Mr. Times left a prebende in Repon church, now abyding upon the same prebende, the wysyst monke within Inglonde of that cote and well lernede, xxⁱⁱ yeires officer and rewler of all that howse, a welthe felowe, wiche will gyve yowe syx hundreth markes to make hym abbot ther, and pay you immediately after the election withoute delay or respite, at one payment, and as I suppos withoute muche borowyng. The firste frutes to the kyng is a thousande powndes, wiche he with his pollicie will pay within ij yerres and owe noman therfore one grote, as he saith; and his reason therin is varra apparant. Yf ye have not therfore providee or promisee suche a rowme for any other your frendes, this man we thynke were mete both for the kynges honour and for the discharge of your conscience, and the profett of the howse; for I am sure all th'abbotes of his religion will thynke hym a ryght apte man herunto, and the most mete of any other. . . . This monke of Repon hath a prebende of xl. powndes wiche ye may bestowe also upon your frende if ye make hym abbot.

We believe, then, in some measure of guilt on the part of Abbot Thirsk, on the authority of the Earl of Northumberland's letter; we do not believe it on the authority of the Visitors whose report is evidently dictated by an ambitious monk anxious by whatever means, however disreputable, to supplant his superior. The letter, as a whole, is quite as discreditable to Cromwell as to Thirsk; the two letters taken together are far more creditable to the monks as a body than they are to the King's agents. But, lest we have the same charge brought against us which we bring against Mr. Froude, we must add a passage from Lord Northumberland's letter, by which it appears that the monks were ready to pay somebody for something:—

And the said Covent havynge especiaill respect to the great Comoditie and Profett that may ineweure upon the same, and the better maynteynment of Goddis service, and the perecyvyng in the contrary theyre great impoverishment, would, for the increase agayn of the said hous, gyf towards the advancement of hys graciosus Lege, Fyve Hundreth Markes, to have lyke Comysion to be addressyd into the contrey.

It is not very clear what the monks wanted to do with their five hundred marks, but anyhow it does not seem to have been meant as a personal bribe either to Wolsey or to Northumberland. But the money offered to Cromwell by Marmaduke Bradley was a simoniacal bribe of the most disgraceful kind. Not a word of this does Mr. Froude tell us; at this point Cromwell is in high favour with Henry, and he consequently shares the infallibility of his master. Later in the history, as we approach what, in Mr. Froude's peculiar language, is called "the last act of the Cromwell drama," the Minister is in disgrace, the rats have deserted the falling house, the crimes of Cromwell may now be spoken of, and, among others, his "bribery and extortion" now stand forward prominently in Mr. Froude's pages.

Abbot Thirsk at last suffered death for his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace. It may be remembered that another person who suffered about the same time was a certain Lady Bulmer, who was burned for treason, and over whose stake Mr. Froude scoffs in a way which we trust is quite peculiar to himself. Mr. Froude seemingly thinks it clever to stick in the margin "Lady Bulmer is burnt, and the world is little disturbed." Mr. Froude thinks her sentence not only funny but just; in a curiously constructed sentence he tells us that "Lady Bulmer seems from the depositions to have deserved as serious punishment as any woman for the crime of high treason can be said to have deserved." Perhaps she did; we will leave the question to the historian, as a professed amateur of burning and boiling. But, to make fair play on both sides, we are bound to say that there are certain signs that Lady Bulmer, like Abbot Thirsk, had, at one time at least, been no better than she should be. Mr. Froude remarks that she is "called in an indictment Margaret Cheyne." Mr. Walbran tells us a little more:—

It may also be incidentally noticed that Sir John Bulmer was a nephew of his fellow-prisoner, Sir Francis Bigod, through his first wife, and that of the chequered story of the heroic lady who was tried with them, and is historically known, as "Lady Bulmer," to have been burnt in West Smithfield, some further glimpses may perhaps yet be revealed. In an ancient pedigree of the Bulmer family which I have seen, it is said that she was an illegitimate daughter of the unfortunate Edward Stafford Duke of Buckingham, and that she bore Sir John Bulmer three daughters before their marriage; but,

whether their union was legally solemnized, or the crown lawyers wished to cast a public stigma on her character, certain it is that in the indictment she is described as "Margaret Cheyne, wife of William Cheyne, late of London, esquire."

The Sir Francis Bigod mentioned in this extract is memorable as being described by Mr. Froude as in some sort a precursor of himself. "He was a pedant, and had written a book on the supremacy, on an original principle."

For all these things we are very thankful to Mr. Walbran. He in no way grapples directly with Mr. Froude, of whose narrative of the Pilgrimage of Grace he speaks in terms of high admiration. We have simply used his documents for our own purpose, and it is with no small satisfaction that we are thus able to expose the misrepresentations of a partisan historian by the help of the honest researches of a local antiquary.

ELLA NORMAN.*

ELLA NORMAN is a "refined and gentle-looking" girl, well-educated and highly accomplished, and an officer's daughter. On her father's death she has emigrated, with a broken-down silly mother and a spirited young brother, to make a fortune in Victoria. The brother's neck is broken by a buck-jumping colt before he has learnt how Australian fortunes are to be made without a capital to start with. The silly mother takes to drink, and becomes generally useless and detestable; and Ella, after refusing one or two eligible offers of a comfortable home from suitors of a burglarious pedigree, is driven for a maintenance to go into the bush as governess to the children of a rough Scotch colonist who has become a member of the Legislative Council. Her life and adventures at Melbourne, and in the up-country station of Inverary, from which she is happily released by the opportune reappearance of a faithful lover with whom she had left her heart in England, form the main staple of the novel, interwoven with the cross-threads of several other personal histories. The story is not ill-planned, and is filled out with a fair quantity of attractive incidents. It is written throughout in a pleasant, lively style, and shows feminine quickness of observation, and cleverness in touching off slight sketches of character and manners. By way of contrast to the colonial life of the earlier chapters, the scene changes to England for the proper winding-up of the history of one of Ella's bush-acquaintances—an aristocratic stockman who comes into a well-provided peerage, and finds his cousin and lady-love still an unmarried angel when he returns home. The same qualities mark Mrs. Murray's delineations of character and society on both sides of the world; and it is obvious that the writer has seen and studied what she describes at the Antipodes as well as here, and is not drawing merely on her imagination. As a novel of the day, the book deserves the praise of recognition as being perfectly readable and considerably interesting. But Mrs. Murray means her work for something more than an ordinary novel. It is composed, not as a mere picture of Australian life, but as a typical picture. It is intended and expected to "startle readers at home" by its exposure of the gross vulgarity and immorality of the social state which prevails in the colony of Victoria; and it is felt by Mrs. Murray herself to require some kind of assurance that the local colours are not overcharged, by her appeal to the "educated minority" in that colony for a confirmation of its general truth. The obvious moral engraven upon every page of the book is, that at the Antipodes the world is turned upside down. Refinement and gentleness of nature and manner are not only out of place, but are positive hindrances to advancement of any kind. For a man it is "a serious drawback to colonial success" to be "essentially a gentleman, reared in the strictest school of integrity." If he is a merchant, he will probably become insolvent. If he began his colonial life as a Government officer in the days when most officials were gentlemen, he is sure to have been shoved aside under the modern free institutions for men of a lower and more easily current stamp of metal. He may bring with him into the Victorian market pluck, spirits, and power of bodily exertion; he may dig, and work, and ride, as steadily and boldly as the most illiterate son of a convict can do, but he cannot make money. The best act of kindness which any wealthy Samaritan of Victoria can do towards any young "gentleman" who brings him a letter of introduction from England is to pay his passage-money back to the mother-country. As long as he is a gentleman in habit and feeling, he is "too slow for Melbourne." For real ladies the prospect is naturally even worse. In the marrying-market there is no visible *mezzo termine* between the uncomfortable and servantless cottage of the insolvent gentleman and the splendidly vulgar establishment of the successful digger or squatter whose father was probably a convicted housebreaker. Out of the marriage-market, there is nothing but dreary servitude as an accomplished governess among savage pupils almost incapable of receiving rudimentary instruction, or vice and bitter degradation. The very climate tempts the unwary emigrant, whether male or female, into the poisonous habit of gratifying incessant thirst by constant stimulants. Schoolgirls learn everything which ought not to be taught them, and nothing which ought; and schoolboys lie like Spartans, without their bravery. Dirty-handed Irish servant-girls, dressed in the most outrageous extreme of the prevailing fashion, tyrannize over their mistresses with an insolence to which British servantism cannot hold a candle. In short, for discomfort, for privation, for a hopeless dragging on of a miserable existence

which before long ought either to kill or to uncivilize the sufferer, a gentleman or lady can find few places to go to like a flourishing gold colony. Such appears to be the result of Mrs. Murray's experiences in Victoria; and the evil is, in her belief, enormously aggravated by the random and false charity of those who encourage ill-considered schemes of promiscuous emigration from Great Britain. The fates of many poor girls and many brave young fellows ought to lie heavy on the souls of the irresponsible advisers who tempted them to leave the crowded old home for a country where gold grows and a sheep is worth two shillings.

Is this a true picture of existence in Victoria, or is it a caricature? The tone of the book is too well-informed to admit of the supposition that it is altogether a dream. Nor, indeed, is there a single incident in the book which can be described as improbable or obviously untrue. All Ella's own adventures, all the sad story told of the gradual degradation of her old schoolfellow Bella Dyce or Mary Hawley, may have literally happened within Mrs. Murray's own observation or knowledge. The chances may be that, in Victoria, an accomplished English governess whom poverty compels to take the first situation that offers will find her life in the bush as destitute of anything like refinement, and the ideas of her employers as to the nature of her duties and the character of instruction requisite for making ladies out of her pupils as vague or as perverse, as did Ella Norman. It may easily be that a girl of highly-cultivated gifts but weak principle, like Mary Hawley, may in Victoria, through shallowness and ignorance, slide down the path of temptation to a ruin which would have been irredeemable but for the chance meeting with an old friend of pure character and of dauntless charity. But even in civilized England there are so-called ladies who treat the governesses of their children with systematic contumely and insolence, while themselves profoundly ignorant what the aims and results of their children's moral and intellectual training should be. The coarse underbred "plain wummen" of the Highlands or elsewhere, lifted by fortune into a wealthier sphere than that into which they were born, are not all congregated in Victoria. Nor, again, is it in Victoria only that weak or silly young women, seeking their fortunes without protection, need to pray to be delivered out of temptation. The climate of Melbourne is not the only one in the world which is found to encourage and develop a thirst for fermented or spirituous liquors. Habits of secret or disguised dram-drinking by way of consolation for the ills of life are not absolutely unknown even among the soberer sex in England. Even in the commerce of London, a man of good abilities but small capital may find himself surrounded and distanced by "go-ahead traders who stick at nothing as long as they make money." In the smooth but deep grooves of a long-settled state of civilization, still more than in the rude struggle for expansion incident to the youth of all new countries, "no man can expect to succeed, unless (in some shape or other) he brings the elements of success with him." At home, as well as at the Antipodes, the clever fellow who does not shrink from sharp practice is still, in a certain sense, "all right, as long as he keeps out of the clutches of the law." At the Antipodes, as well as at home, vice, even on Mrs. Murray's showing, pays to virtue the same homage of hypocrisy, as soon as she can afford the expense. When once the colonial sharper has "made his pile" of gold, by whatever practices, he adopts just as respectable a cut of coat and manners as if he were an English merchant who had realized a fortune by a few fraudulent bankruptcies. "He may then become a churchwarden, or elder, or trustee, or something about a church, and die in the odour of religion, and be buried with an extensive funeral," just as he might on this side of the world. Whatever may be the outward difference of climate, scenery, and economical circumstances, it is pretty clear that the lives of average men, striving selfishly or manfully each for his own maintenance, gravitate much towards the same centre in both Northern and Southern hemispheres. What Mrs. Murray calls "the refinements of life, the nicer feelings" to which a man may be trained "in the subtle element which among the initiated is understood and felt, but which cannot be defined in words, as the atmosphere of the gentleman," are not here or elsewhere the qualities by which wealth, or even bread, is always or certainly to be earned. The nicer feelings may be said to enrich life with most of that which is worth living for. The wider prevalence and firmer authority of the nicer feelings in a more staid and shackled state of society, in which enormous fortunes are not to be dug out of the mud every year by sturdy beggars, may be a reasonable subject of congratulation for those who can make their own living, or who have it made for them, in that society. But when a man goes to a colony to make an honest livelihood upon rather easier terms than he can get for his work in the more crowded labour-market which he leaves behind him, he does so exactly because he has found out that, except in an ideal home, an income is not to be earned by simply cultivating the nicer feelings. It may be true that life in a gold colony exaggerates the social deficiencies and the general narrowness of aim which by comparison must characterize every colonial community, as the present reign of the shoddy aristocracy at New York exaggerates the obvious defects of American civilization. It may be true that, the rougher and readier the work that is to be done, the more must a man's nicer feelings be their own reward, and the more perhaps will they be liable to daily jar and fret in the contact with persons of a ruder moral and physical organization. It is not improbable that, for the moment, the Victorian colony may be an unsatisfactory residence for either gentlemen or ladies of a sensitive and fastidious temperament. But that is not equivalent to its being a domicile in which honesty

* *Ella Norman; or, a Woman's Perils.* By Elizabeth A. Murray. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1864.

is a positive bar to making a decent livelihood; and until such a state of things is shown to exist by some more forcible proof than mere generalization from particular stories within Mrs. Murray's particular experience, reasonable scepticism may still doubt whether Melbourne is so hopelessly mean and scoundrelly a Pandemonium as it is represented by her to be.

Yet, even though it be an exaggerated and ill-looking likeness of the whole colony, Mrs. Murray's book may do good. *Ella Norman* has quite enough merit to ensure it a good place among the popular novels of the day. It will be circulated widely enough to be read by a good many young ladies, and possibly by some among them to whom the chances of life and the necessity of providing for themselves may have suggested emigration in search of employment. A popular novel will go into many places where a serious and sterling work like Mr. Therry's reminiscences of New South Wales and Victoria will not. If *Ella Norman* helps to teach intending emigrants, or their friends and advisers, to look more thoughtfully at both sides of the question in weighing the advantages of settling in the various colonies, to make sure that the article they will take out with them into the colonial labour-market is one adapted to the wants of the place, and not already a drug in that market by over-supply—if, in short, this book will induce its readers only to think, and to use common sense, before taking a plunge to the Antipodes—it is a comparatively small demerit that the book is in itself obviously onesided.

THE WELLINGTON DESPACHES.*

THE tenth volume of the Supplementary Despatches embraces the memorable period of the Waterloo campaign. It begins with the appointment of the Duke to the command of His Majesty's forces on the Continent of Europe, and concludes with the capitulation of Paris. There is perhaps not much which is absolutely new in it, but it will be convenient for the student of history to have in one collection so many important documents relative to the conduct of the campaign and the politics of Europe. To the admirers of the great Duke it will always be a gratification to follow him in the field and in the Cabinet at this momentous crisis, when he was looked to by all Europe as the one man upon whom the safety of the emancipated nations depended. He was at length in a higher position than any English commander, not even excepting Marlborough, had ever reached. His country and his army placed unbounded trust in him, though they knew that he was to be confronted by the greatest military genius of modern times. Hitherto his sphere of action had been comparatively narrow, and though he had rendered splendid services in the face of the greatest difficulties, it remained to be seen whether he was what men hoped and believed him to be. The campaign of 1815 is the most strikingly dramatic part of his grand career. His character was strengthened, not elated, by success. His clear intellect was fully matured by experience and observation. Whether we look at the time or the man, it is impossible, even after the lapse of nearly half a century, not to feel the grandeur of that great turning-point of the world's history when so much depended upon the strong brain and iron will of one English gentleman. Though the present generation may fail to realize the intense excitement with which England awaited the news of the Duke's movements in Belgium, it will be long before the priceless results of that campaign are forgotten and before the country ceases to be proud of having produced the man who was able to cope with Napoleon, and who, throughout a long and glorious career, was in nothing more noble than in his conscientious and unswerving devotion to the service of his country.

A volume of Despatches is perhaps less interesting to a superficial reader than a continuous narrative of the events to which they refer. The history of the Waterloo campaign has been repeatedly written, and sometimes carefully and well, though more often with little regard for historical accuracy. The best account of it in English is unquestionably to be found in Mr. Hooper's volume, but for those who care to study and to follow the operations of war and the combinations of diplomacy the original documents are invaluable. The business of the historian is to present an accurate but general view of great events; matters of detail must necessarily be passed over, or only noticed in a cursory manner. The reader of the very best history can only believe that he has before him a careful summing up of the most prominent points, and that he is spared the trouble of arriving at a conclusion for himself. Still there is much of interest which can only be gathered from the consideration of things which at first sight seem to be of subordinate importance. Thus, for instance, the historian would tell us that it was a matter of great difficulty to reinforce adequately His Grace's army; but, on referring to the Despatches, we find pressing letters for immediate reinforcements answered by confessions of inability to provide a single additional man. It is difficult, without referring to the correspondence, to realize the embarrassments which arose from the unreadiness of the English Government, and the utter want of preparation in which it was found when Napoleon returned from Elba. And at the same time it is impossible not to recognise the marvellous power of France, and the administrative capacity of her rulers, in the rapidity with which so fine an army was concentrated and pushed across the frontier. Again, it is only from the Despatches that the reader can obtain a clear view of the extraordinary capacity for dealing with affairs

that the Duke possessed. He was, in fact, the military chief of the Alliance, and the amount of work that was thrown upon him was stupendous. He not only had to organize the campaign, and to bring into the field his own ill-appointed army, but he had also to carry on an immense diplomatic correspondence, to maintain communications with the allied Governments, and to settle the terms upon which the German Princes were to be subsidized. At one moment he was reading reports from the cavalry officers who were watching the front, at the next he was dictating the conditions which were to bring so many more German soldiers into the field. With his own army his work was not less severe. The generals and brigadiers had been appointed without his advice being taken, and he was incessantly worried with applications to find places for persons who came out with the best recommendations from the Horse Guards, but for whom neither brigades nor divisions could possibly be found.

The volume before us comprises not only the orders and letters of the Great Duke, but the memorandums and despatches of the Ministry at home, and of the representatives of foreign Powers, with whom he was in constant communication. Nearly all of them have been published before, but there is no work that we know in which so complete a collection of them is to be found, arranged according to the dates at which they were written. In perusing them it is impossible not to feel admiration for the English public men of that age. In all that they wrote may be traced great energy, strong common sense, and an honesty of purpose in which they immeasurably surpassed the diplomatists of the Continent. From the very first, our statesmen had made up their minds upon the absolute necessity, to Europe and to England, of defeating the destroyer of the public peace. With the spirit of the country completely on their side, they easily triumphed over the small section which represented the peace party and advocated a merely defensive policy. At the same time, they showed no sympathy with the principles of the absolute monarchies of the Continent, and were singularly free from all enthusiasm for the dynasty of Louis XVIII. English statesmen completely understood that the Bourbons were thoroughly odious to France, and that the Royal Government, by its perverse folly, had prepared the return of Napoleon. They took the part they did in the second Restoration simply because it appeared to them to be the only practicable solution of the question with which they had to deal. They were as averse to the system of reaction as they were opposed to the ferocious desire of the Prussians to inflict sanguinary and humiliating vengeance upon France. But, above all, they were straightforward and consistent from first to last, and they displayed a capacity for work and a power of decision which we fear is only to be found in a generation that has been bred during five-and-twenty years of war. In those days the doctrine of moral influence and the practice of sermonizing despatches had not been invented. But the Minister and the General placed England higher in Europe than she had been since the days of the Olympian Chatham. And, notwithstanding all the obloquy that has been cast upon the European arrangements of 1815, it must not be forgotten that the voice of England was ever on the side of justice, and that the settlement, imperfect though it may have been, to which the English negotiators gave their assent, founded a peace which with very trifling exceptions lasted for forty years.

The most interesting paper in the volume is the memorandum written by the Duke in 1842, after reading the statements of General Clausewitz. For a long time he had refused to enter into such discussions, which would have been endless and must have been very disagreeable. But the insinuations of General Clausewitz led him to break his discreet silence. The Prussian writer had argued that sufficient justice had not been done to his countrymen by the Duke. The imputation of a want of generosity led the Duke to put on record his views of the political and military situation in the Waterloo campaign, and to explain the considerations which led him to adopt the plans which he did, and also to give a complete answer to the statements of General Clausewitz. It is the very best account of the matter that has ever been written, and the Duke, we find to our great astonishment, understood the campaign and its objects much more clearly than even Sir Archibald Alison. With instinctive sagacity he reviews the disposition of the different European armies at the time when Napoleon returned from Elba and the plenipotentiaries at Vienna signed the treaty of the 25th of March. Belgium, under the treaties of 1814, was occupied partly by a mixed British, Hanoverian, and Dutch force, and partly by a Prussian *corps d'armée*. The Austrians occupied the Italian Kingdom; the Russians were in Poland. The resources of England were crippled by the absence of a strong body of veteran soldiers in America. Napoleon, on the other hand, found a large and well-appointed army at his disposal, numbering not less than 250,000 men, with *matériel* in proportion, and with the means of calling to his standards soldiers who had been trained in the wars of the Empire. It followed that the attitude of the Allies must, in the first instance, be necessarily a defensive one. The duty of the Duke was at first to maintain the communications between England, Holland, and Germany. It was requisite to wait for the arrival of the allied armies, each of which had long marches to perform before it could reach the scene of operations. Thus the initiative lay with the French; operating on the inner circle, they could choose the time and place of attack. They had, moreover, a perfect position, supported by fortresses; and as the Duke observes—"whatever may be thought of Buonaparte as a leader of troops in other respects, there certainly never existed a man in that situation, in any times,

* *Supplementary Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. Vol. X. London: John Murray. 1863.

in whose presence it was so little safe to make what is called a false movement."

Nothing can be more conclusive than the Duke's answer to the criticisms of General Clausewitz. He successfully defends the general plan of his campaign, and shows that his communications with the Prussian army under Blücher were never interrupted. He also settles the disputed question as to the time when the co-operation of the Prussian army became known to him, and says that he resolved upon ordering the final attack when he perceived that the march of Bülow's division by Frischermont upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance had begun to take effect. With regard to his acknowledgment of the share taken by the Prussians, he simply quotes the memorable Waterloo Despatch, and adds—"Surely the details of the battle might have been left to the original official reports. Historians and commentators were not necessary." The one question which he leaves undecided for the consideration of strategists is whether Buonaparte was right in attempting to force the position of Waterloo, or whether he was right himself in expecting Buonaparte to move to his left, and attempt to turn the right of the Allies in that direction—a contingency for which the Duke was fully prepared.

It is satisfactory to possess so clear an explanation of what the Duke's objects were, and of what actually took place on those three memorable days. Nor is it surprising that he should have shown so little compassion for historians and commentators. There is no event in modern history which has been the subject of more acrimonious controversy than the Waterloo campaign. French writers have always ascribed the result to the treachery of Grouchy; the Prussians have claimed for themselves the principal share in the honours of the day; and English historians have in some cases exaggerated the merits of their countrymen who bore a part in the struggle. There was, besides, a party in England at the time who seemed to be only anxious to depreciate the services of the Duke, and who held that he either blundered into victory or was saved from disaster by the obstinate courage of the British infantry. Those ancient Whig opinions have long since disappeared, and are only to be found in a fossil state in the political literature of their day. In these times, people are prepared to believe that the Duke showed no want of vigilance and caution whilst he was waiting to ascertain the point at which the enemy would attack him; and that, when Napoleon unmasked his advance, his antagonist at once perceived where the blow would fall, and made his arrangements to retire on a position which he had himself selected, and which he instinctively felt that his English battalions would be able to hold against the repeated assaults of one of the finest armies that France ever sent into the field.

HOST AND GUEST.*

MR. KIRWAN is a highly respectable man of letters, who has contributed some clever and instructive articles to magazines and newspapers, and we are far from saying that he is not qualified to produce a valuable book. But he has hitherto been unlucky in his choice of subject, or has formed a mistaken estimate of his means. Not long since, on the strength of his familiarity with French journalism, he produced a work (noticed in this journal at the time) entitled *Modern France, its Journalism, Literature, and Society*, in which we are told that the *Globe* (founded in 1824) was commenced in 1841 by Granier de Cassagnac, and that "an eminent writer in the *Débats* is (1864) sure of promotion either to a professorship, to the situation of *maitre de requêtes* or *conseiller d'état*," &c. There are numerous indications in the work before us that it has been executed in the same spirit of self-confidence, and with the same want of trustworthy information, and the same assumption of authority—social, literary, and political—on matters touching which dictation is always offensive, even when backed by acknowledged rank, position, or celebrity. For aught we know or care to the contrary, Mr. Kirwan may have been domesticated in the very first society—the *crème de la crème*—of London, Paris, Vienna, and Petersburg. He may have been, like Thomas Moore,

The favoured guest
Of every gay and festive throng.

But surely this does not justify him in playing the exclusive, or in warning off from all decent dinner-tables those who may not happen to be so well-born, well-educated, and habitually urbane as himself. Thus at page 84 he says:—

Never introduce to your table men who have not the feelings, habits, manners, and education of gentlemen—I had almost said, the birth of a gentleman; but it must be remembered that nature now and again produces some magnificent specimens of what somebody has called "God Almighty's gentlemen." But these are the exceptions, not the rule; for it will generally be found that men of gentle birth are also men of gentle breeding. The only two positively offensive and ill-bred men I ever encountered in society were men of some ability who had probably never entered the house of a gentleman to dinner, until they were four or five-and-twenty.

We trust it is no blameable curiosity, but we really should like to know what these two gentlemen thought in their turn of the *arbitrarius elegantiarum* by whom they are thus pitilessly ostracised. *Audi alteram partem*. What are the odds that he got into a discussion with each of them, and had the worst of it? Mr. Kirwan thus explains in his preface the nature of the gap he conceives himself to have satisfactorily filled up:—

There is no want of cookery-books in the principal languages of Europe, and least of all in the English language, in which, even in our own genera-

tion, several hundreds have been compiled and published. This volume, however, is not a cookery-book, nor what the French call a *dispensaire*. It is a household book on the subject of Dinners, Desserts, Wines, Liqueurs, and on foods in general; and is the result of reading, observation, and a great deal of experience in foreign countries. I have been myself, during a life now nearly prolonged to threescore years, a *diner out* of some magnitude, and, as far as my means allowed, a giver of dinners; and have often when younger and less experienced felt the want, and have heard my friends express their sense of the want, of some work of the kind now presented, so far as I am aware, in an English dress.

There is certainly no want of cookery-books properly so-called; neither is there any want of essays on the art of dining or dinner-giving. The topic has been almost exhaustively discussed from every conceivable point of view. It has been treated aesthetically and artistically, as well as practically; and the serio-comic vein of gastronomic literature in particular has attracted so many adventurers that it may be regarded as virtually worked out. Brillat-Savarin and the editors of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, with their English translators or imitators, have long since anticipated all the best stories, and we do not see what end can be served, or reputation acquired, by reprinting them. A brief manual of maxims, precepts, or directions, compressing the experience of a *gourmand* like the late Sir Alexander Grant, and seasoned with humour à la Charles Lamb, is the thing we want in this line, if indeed we want anything. Or possibly a Dialogue between Host and Guest in the manner of Isaac Walton's *Angler* might have a run. What Mr. Kirwan has given us is a pursy volume of 410 pages, more than three-fourths made up of the self-same anecdotes, descriptions, and details which formed the stock in trade of his predecessors. He gives his readers so little credit for memory that the familiar story of Dr. Johnson's meditated cookery-book is actually told twice within the compass of ten pages (p. 57 and p. 67), and the manner in which it is introduced the second time is an apt illustration of the infelicity with which Mr. Kirwan copies the affected gravity of the wits:—

Our great moralist, Johnson, would never have accomplished a tithe of what he has done for his generation and posterity, had he not sensibly given much more attention to what suited his palate and his appetite than the great mass of mankind.

In other words, we should never have had a tithe of the *Dictionary*, a tithe of the *Vanity of Human Wishes* or *Rasselas*, a tithe of the *Lives of the Poets*, if he had not shown an excessive fondness for overdone legs of pork, veal pies stuffed with plums, and lobster sauce—delicacies, it is recorded, in which he indulged with such intemperance, that the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration became visible. If Mr. Kirwan had fallen in with Hoffman's account of Napoleon's sufferings from indigestion on the third day of Dresden, we should have been assured in sober seriousness that a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions had reversed the destinies of Europe. His course of reading is apparently extensive, but careful reapers and gleaners had preceded him, and their leanings were hardly worth stooping for. Indeed, his researches in little known regions have simply resulted in giving an air of pedantry to his book: e.g.

Boxhornius, in his *Britannico-Latin Dictionary*, tells us *rhast* (*sic*) is an ancient British word. "Antiquam esse vocem Britannicam, ostendit nomen Regis Armorici, Daniel Drenarost ab astis, oculis, vel uto vultu sic dicti." Wolfgang Lazius, also, in his tenth book, "*de Migrationibus Gentium*," states that *rost* (*sic*) in the Vandal and Teuton languages signifies a grill; and Jean Bruyère, in his book "*de Re Cibaria*," says, that in early times in France, a guest who was invited to a dinner without a roast on a day when it was lawful to eat—in other words, to live *en gras*—fared very frugally indeed, if by any accident the roast was omitted. This can be well credited, for among the English and French the roast has been always the principal dish, or, as our neighbours would say, the *pièce de résistance*.

No doubt the fact can be credited, just as we can credit the Irishman who, on being invited to dine on beef and potatoes, exclaimed, "Jist my own dinner at home, barring the beef."

After stating that "the general rule among cooks is to allow a quarter of an hour to each pound of the joint," he proceeds to calculate for the sciolists in roasting or arithmetic the precise time required for joints of given weight and the various kinds of birds respectively. From the resulting table, p. 169, we learn the curious fact that exactly the same time (twenty minutes) is required for a partridge, a snipe, a golden plover, a quail, or a lark. Whether these calculations are made with reference to the fire of an ordinary house, or to that of a club or nobleman's kitchen, is left in doubt. Under the head of *The Roast* he says:—

Till schools of cookery become more general, it will not be safe for a host, with an ordinary plain cook, to set before his guest a *filet de bœuf sauce à la poivrade*, a *salmi* of partridge, or a *filet de canard sauvage*.

Indeed we have seldom met his equal for coolly putting down truisms and common-places without the smallest suspicion of their quality, as when he solemnly sets forth:—

Memorandum respecting dinners. To make your Bill of Fare according to the season and the number of your company.

If the sole come to market gutted and packed, by land-carriage, you must judge of the freshness by the smell.

There is a great difference between salmon in and out of season. If taken out of season, or when stale, the fish is very unwholesome, and the same observation applies to mackerel.

Oysters. There are in England various species of oysters.

Eels are taken both in fresh water and the sea. The fresh water eels are the best, and the silver eel amongst these should always be preferred.

At the same time, many of the maxims which he inculcates as based upon what he has seen in the "first houses" will rather astonish many who may fancy themselves not unacquainted with

* *Host and Guest. A Book about Dinners, Wines, and Desserts.* By A. Y. Kirwan. London: Bell & Daldy. 1864.

such matters. Thus, after stating that he has "lived a great deal amongst Russians of wealth and position," he proceeds to discourse scientifically touching the dinner *à la Russe*, revealing (amongst other mysteries) that

Beautifully white damask, and a green cloth underneath, are indispensable. Where hock, champagne, &c. &c., are served, they are handed round between the courses.

It is not in general the custom to place the fish sauces on the table, *except in establishments where there is a servant to every guest*, but so placed they are always most accessible. It is a great convenience to have the sauce near you when you want it.

Here, again, we recognise an undeniable truth, but the exception puzzles us. We make no doubt that Mr. Kirwan is in the habit of dining in establishments where there is a servant to every guest, but if so, we wish he had explained why the fish sauces are placed on the table solely when they might most easily be called for and served as wanted. We have heard, also, that in the "first houses" it would be deemed a reflection on the *chef* to call for condiments at all. At page 70 we find—

In some of the very first houses in the Faubourg St. Germain at a small party you seldom see more than two men-servants, and often only one.

Is the wish to discard useless attendance at small parties peculiar to the very first houses in the Faubourg St. Germain?

We had a notion that, for large dinners, the *entrées* were now individually increased in quantity instead of being multiplied in number, but we find from Mr. Kirwan that we were wrong:—

In all grand dinners for twelve persons in England, two soups, two fishes, and four *entrées* for the first course are considered indispensable; and two roasts, two removes, and half a dozen *entremets* for the second course. For a dinner of twenty, the *entrées* and the *entremets* would necessarily have to be doubled, being each increased to eight. *Of course the bill of fare for these dinners varies with the season.*

We also fancied that the habit of sitting more than twenty minutes or half an hour after the ladies had left was abandoned in the fine world, and that a glass or two of claret or sherry was the utmost which the male denizens of that world permitted themselves during the brief interval of separation from the fair sex. But Mr. Kirwan, who is an actual member of it, regretfully announces to the shame of his countrymen that

Englishmen, notwithstanding the extended intercourse they have had with the Continent, still like to sit an hour or so over their wine after the ladies have departed, whereas in Paris ladies and gentlemen leave the *salle à manger* or dinner-table together, and retire to another room to coffee and conversation. . . . There is no torturing headache the next day from that *casse tête* wine called port.

As a great deal of Mr. Kirwan's book has been translated or paraphrased from the French, it is just possible that the French may return the compliment; and we therefore enter what we trust will prove a timely protest against the highly probable inference that English gentlemen still prefer intoxication with a deleterious compound, called port, to the refined pleasures of the drawing-room.

We must not forget to state that Mr. Kirwan was born as it were in the purple of gastronomy; that he has an inborn hereditary right to talk about meat, poultry, and greens:—

Born in a country house—a message producing, to use a legal phrase, within the curtilage, beef, mutton, fruits, and vegetables—I have ventured to speak of the choice and quality of these good things from an early and practical acquaintance with the subject. So much needs to be said on a matter on which all are eloquent, though few agreeable—I mean self. It is necessary to state that it is not from reading, but actual practical experience, that I have learned all about the farm, the garden, and the poultry-yard.

If to be born in a "curtilage" makes a man a good judge of estates, the privilege would belong quite as much to the farmer's son as to the squire's, and it does not strike us to belong necessarily to either of them. It would be more to the point to be assured by Mr. Kirwan that he has always, despite of literary or professional engagements, made a point of dealing in *propria persona* with his butcher, poulterer, fishmonger, and greengrocer, and that (which, however, it is impossible to doubt) his dinners have received the unanimous approval of his friends. A precedent for this energetic and self-sufficing species of dinner-giver may be found in Theodore Hook's novel of *Maxwell*, in which due honour is paid to "that cod's head and shoulders which Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy; and, in determining the excellence of which, had poked his finger into fifty cods and forty turbot to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best." Let us hope that Palmer had also given precise directions that the champagne (or what did duty for it) should only be handed round between the courses, and had personally presided over the superposition of the whitest of white damask on the greenest of green baize.

Mr. Kirwan's chapter on Coffee is very good; and his chapter on Wines (for which he has drawn largely on Barry, Henderson, Redding, Shaw, &c. &c.) contains much useful information clogged by learning and prolixity. Indeed, thus much may be said of the book taken as a whole; so that it may be conscientiously recommended to readers who have a lively interest in the subject and abundant time upon their hands, or who are skilled in the art of skipping. But they should be cautioned not to overrule the cook or housekeeper in hasty reliance on the practical directions, and not to fancy that they are rivalling the first-rate Amphitryons of London and Paris when they have multiplied their *entrées* and *entremets* in an arithmetical or geometrical ratio according to the number of their guests.

DR. TODD'S LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.*

DR. TODD, who is well known as perhaps the ablest of the few surviving scholars who have mastered the ancient Irish language, has turned his vast knowledge to good account in this remarkable volume. The introduction—which occupies one half of the book, and for the length of which the author somewhat unnecessarily apologizes—is by no means the least valuable part. It treats at large of some distinctive early usages of the Irish Church, and discusses the historical position of that community from the establishment of the English colony to the present day. No one could have written it who was not nearly as familiar with old Irish as with English. Dr. Todd has executed his difficult task with great judgment and moderation, and it may be doubted if this obscure chapter of early ecclesiastical history will ever require to be rewritten.

We cannot pretend that this volume is one of much general interest. The strange and incredible legends from which the author labours to extract an infinitesimal grain of fact, the unpronounceable Celtic names with which every page bristles, and the conflict between the bias of the controversial theologian and the judicial fairness of the historian, greatly detract from one's pleasure in reading it. Nevertheless it is well that the early annals of the Church in Ireland have been so thoroughly sifted; and St. Patrick himself well deserves to have his story reduced to its genuine form, divested of the inventions and exaggerations of older or later hagiologists. There have been extreme Protestants, on the one hand, who have boldly denied the existence of St. Patrick altogether; on the other hand, Roman Catholic writers have overlaid his history with figments intended to support the credit of the Papacy in the first place, and next the claims of the See of Armagh to supreme jurisdiction among the Irish dioceses. Dr. Todd denies the alleged mission of Patrick from Pope Celestine, on the plain ground that he finds no authority for the statement. He remarks judiciously that this fabled mission in no way affects modern controversy. "If (he says) we acknowledge, as we must do, the Roman mission of Palladius, as well as the Roman mission of Augustine of Canterbury, it is difficult to see what is to be gained by denying the Roman mission of Patrick." The legends of St. Patrick having been a Canon Regular of St. John Lateran at Rome, and of the institution of "St. Patrick's Purgatory," meet with deserved contempt at Dr. Todd's hands.

In his introductory dissertation, Dr. Todd is at great pains to show that there existed a real Episcopacy in the earliest Irish Church, though the bishops had no defined dioceses. We think he proves his point, though there were certainly strange irregularities permitted. For instance, it was common for a bishop to be subject to the superior of his monastery, though that superior might be a priest or a layman, or even, as in the case of St. Brigid's religious house of Kildare, a woman. Thus one Cogitosus, in his life of the last-named saint, speaks of the joint throne of her bishop and herself as "cathedra episcopalis et puellaris." And St. Brigid had no scruple in using her authority. For example, she gave away to the poor, on one occasion, without consulting him, her bishop's best vestments—"vestimenta transmarina et peregrina Episcopi Coulaith pauperibus largita est." And the legend adds that, when the bishop set out for Rome (perhaps to get some new vestments) without her leave, she prayed that he might be devoured by wolves on his journey, which accordingly came to pass. Dr. Todd explains some of these anomalies, and especially the multiplication of bishops, as caused by the missionary attitude of the ancient Irish Church in the midst of a population addicted to a very gross form of heathenism. It is as though Bishop Mackenzie, in Central Africa, had consecrated all his mission party to the Episcopate, lest the succession should be lost. It is not a little curious to observe that, as early as the ninth century, unattached Irish ecclesiastics were as troublesome in England and on the Continent as the proverbial "Irish curate" has been in our own days. Councils and synods fulminated in vain against the "episcopi ambulantes" or "vagi" of the Scotti. It will be remembered that Scotland was not called Scotia till the twelfth century. The Scotti mentioned by any writer earlier than that date always mean the Irish. Thus the famous council of Cealcythre in 816 decreed that no person *de genere Scottorum* should be allowed to officiate in churches. The monastic character of the earliest Irish Christianity was probably impressed upon it by Patrick. Dr. Todd values very highly as an historical document a certain catalogue of Irish saints, written in the eighth century, in which those worthies are divided into three orders. The first were the companions or followers of St. Patrick; and their succession lasted about a hundred years, till A.D. 550. The second order seem to have held a stricter discipline than their predecessors. They were connected some how or other with Menevia and the Church of Wales, using (for example) St. David's Liturgy:—

From this order [says our author] proceeded that great stream of Irish missionaries who went forth to evangelize Europe at the end of the sixth and during some following centuries. From them the Venerable Bede must have derived his information respecting the Scottic or Irish Churches. From them must have been obtained all the information respecting Ireland which is to be found in the writings of Continental authors.

Dr. Todd argues that the silence of these saints as to St. Patrick is no proof of his non-existence, but is to be explained

* St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. A Memoir of his Life and Mission, with an Introductory Dissertation. By James Henthorn Todd, D.D. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co. 1864.

by their own connexion with the British Church, rather than with the converts made by Patrick and his immediate followers. The saints of the third order were hermits or solitaries, not much more connected with St. Patrick than with their immediate predecessors of the second class.

The most celebrated of the saints of the second order were two of the same name—a name which has become rather notorious of late. Much has been said about the new cathedral about to be built in Cork, under the unusual dedication of St. Finnbar; and the so-called "Fenian" brotherhood have brought their strange designation into public notice. To which of the two Finns the old national militia, according to Sir Robert Peel, owed its name, Dr. Todd has not informed us. One of these saints was famous as the possessor of a codex of the Gospels; and both of them, after a foreign education, returned to Ireland for the purpose of bringing about a reformation in the decaying faith and morals of the country. There is evidence that Druidism still remained; or had revived, in the sixth, and even the seventh centuries. Indeed—unlike St. Patrick, who was something of an iconoclast—the saints of the second order seem to have grafted their own faith on the ancient paganism, consecrating to God the pillar-stones which had been the objects of idolatrous worship, and dealing extensively in charms and incantations. Whether the Pelagianism which infested the British Church in the sixth century had reached Ireland, is not certain. At any rate, Dr. Todd concludes that the mission of Gildas from Wales had no especial regard to this heresy. And yet some, from a passage in St. Jerome, have supposed that Pelagius himself was of Irish birth. That ill-tempered father is thought to refer to the arch-heretic in the following complimentary terms—"Stolidissimus et Scotorum pulitibus pregravatus"—i.e. overloaded with Scotch porridge. Not the least interesting or important part of Dr. Todd's introduction is its conclusion, in which he shows that from the eleventh century, when the Anglo-Norman prelates of the English pale, deriving their succession from Canterbury, repudiated—under the express authority of the Pope—the Irish Church of St. Patrick and his successors, there have existed side by side two hostile Churches in Ireland:—

Since the Reformation (he says) a third Church has sprung up, deriving its succession from a foreign source; whilst the original Irish Church, properly so called, having merged into the Church of the English pale, has adopted the Reformation, and lost in a great measure its hold upon the descendants of the native tribes. This loss is to be attributed to that old and deep-seated disaffection to England which is the parent of almost all the political and social evils of the country; nor can there be a doubt that this disaffection was mainly caused, not by religious differences, but by the impolitic measures enforced in the twelfth and some following centuries, for compelling the Irish people to adopt manners and laws for which they were wholly unprepared; not to speak of the arbitrary confiscation of landed property for the benefit of the English colonists, and the sudden overthrow of the authority of the native chieftains.

Entering at last upon the memoir of St. Patrick himself, Dr. Todd gives a very interesting sketch of what is known of the first introduction of Christianity into the British Isles. That Palladius, in the year 431, was sent by Pope Celestine "ad Scotos credentes in Christum"—that is to the Irish—as their first bishop, is not open to doubt. Before his time there were only a few scattered Christian communities in the island, nor did he effect much in the way of conversion. The fame of Palladius has been unduly diminished by Roman Catholic writers, in order to exalt the honour of St. Patrick. Dr. Todd shows satisfactorily that there is no foundation whatever for the popular legend that St. Patrick, in his turn, had a direct mission from Rome. Nothing can be more perplexing or contradictory than the legendary patch-work records of Patrick's life. With admirable patience and an unbiased judgment, Dr. Todd has laboured to distinguish the true element in each from the super-added fictions. Patrick's own story, as given in his Confessions, the authenticity of which seems to be established, represents him as the son of a deacon, who was also a decurio, named Calpornius. It seems probable that his native place was "Alclunaid," as Dr. Todd spells it (the modern Dumbarton), and that he was connected by family ties with Armorica Brittany, whence, indeed, he was first carried off captive to Ireland, at the age of sixteen. After six years' slavery he made his escape; but soon, while living among his friends, he felt himself called to a missionary life among the Irish. Arguing from internal evidence, Dr. Todd fixes the interval between 440 and 460 as the date of his arrival in Ireland. We cannot follow in detail our author's masterly digest of the real acts and missionary labours of the saint, so far as they may be unravelled from the artful web of later fables into which they have been interwoven. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Todd considers it an historical fact that St. Patrick was the first founder of Armagh. He did not, however, die there, but at Saul, in Down; and at Downpatrick he was buried. For once our author agrees with Ussher's chronology that the most probable date of this event is the year 493.

We leave this volume with the highest respect for the learning, scholarship, and moderation of its writer. We have to thank him for showing us what are the real historical foundations of the church of which he is an ornament. It is no small praise to have discharged so difficult a task dispassionately. He is not likely to please bigoted controversialists on either side; but to impartial judges his conclusions will generally carry conviction. Dr. Todd's final summary of St. Patrick's missionary character and labours is worth transcribing:—

On the whole, the biographers of St. Patrick, notwithstanding the admixture of much fable, have undoubtedly portrayed in his character the

features of a great and judicious missionary. He seems to have made himself "all things," in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to the rude and barbarous tribes of Ireland. He dealt tenderly with their usages and prejudices. Although he sometimes felt it necessary to overturn their idols, and on some occasions risked his life, he was guilty of no offensive or unnecessary iconoclasm. A native himself of another country, he adopted the language of the Irish tribes, and conformed to their political institutions. By his judicious management, the Christianity which he founded became self-supporting. It was endowed by the chieftains without any foreign aid. It was supplied with priests and prelates by the people themselves; and its fruits were soon seen in that wonderful stream of zealous missionaries, the glory of the Irish Church, who went forth in the sixth and seventh centuries to evangelize the barbarians of central Europe. In a word, the example and success of St. Patrick have bequeathed to us this lesson, that the great object of the missionary bishop should be to establish among the heathen the true and unceasing worship of God's Church, and to supply that Church with a native ministry.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.—FORM AND TUNE.*

AMONGST the crowd of "new pieces" that bear about the same relation to genuine music that the milliner's trade does to the fine arts, it is gratifying to light upon works like Mr. Ellerton's four trios, appealing to the musical instinct in its higher forms of expression. Of course they are engraved and practically published abroad, though London is one of the publishing places specified on the title-page. England, with all its passion for concerts and "stars," is not the country where it pays to bring out quartets and trios. In musical matters it is still the land of fashion and prejudice. Those who have little real musical feeling—including the whole world of "finished" young ladies and their admirers—follow the reigning mode in singing and playing as abjectly as in the matter of bonnets and crinoline, while the more critical amateur or professional looks askance at the writings of any composer whose name is not already recognised as that of a great master. Between the two, new compositions of unquestionable merit have an amount of indifference to contend with which materially stands in the way of the advancement of English art. Mr. Ellerton's trios are specimens of just that kind of work which the narrowness of popular sympathies prevents the musical public from appreciating. Every page shows proofs of long practice and thorough study, and of a refined taste and natural powers of musical expression. Though not displaying any striking novelty or individuality in style, the melodies are always good and suitable for instrumental development, sometimes rising to considerable beauty, animation, and force. The pianoforte parts, though less easy than those for the strings, are by no means extravagantly difficult, and yet sufficiently so to require of the player that amount of study and care which it is a labour of love to bestow. In fact, they are real music, possessing both form and tune, and well worth playing for their own sake. Mr. Ellerton is least satisfactory in the scherzo and the minuet and trio. These short and telling movements are, in truth, at once the easiest to write tolerably, and the most difficult to write well. Their rhythm and general flow can be caught by any person of fair imitative skill; while that strength of tune which constitutes the very essence of a good scherzo or minuet is beyond the reach of the ordinary composer. To write a minuet and trio which shall not be a feeble reminiscence or a flagrant copy of Haydn or Mozart, or a scherzo which is not stolen bodily from Beethoven, requires gifts which few can hope to possess. The gift of tune, indeed, is the one musical faculty which lies least within the reach of any but those specially favoured by nature in their original organization. Like every other branch of the imaginative faculty, it is at the same time susceptible of wonderful increase in fertility and expressiveness. Study, thought, and the experience of human life in its pains and pleasures, produce the same result upon the powers of pure genius that cultivation produces on the flowers of a garden. There is as much difference between the melodies of mature age and those of youth as between the sweetest and most gorgeous glories of a rose garden and the wild pink-and-white blossoms of the hedge-row. All the academics, and all the private labours of a whole generation, cannot, therefore, be expected to bring forth another "great master," unless the one hidden gift is vouchsafed by nature. It is not in the absence of genius in the existing musical world that we see signs of decay rather than of future promise. It is the style and school of the day that is radically at fault, and that tends to dwarf rather than enlarge the imaginative faculty where it does exist. That style and school is as thoroughly superficial in gifted men like Meyerbeer or Gounod as in the last adopted manufacturer of the music shops. It is based on a neglect of the very first principles of musical form—principles which can no more be neglected with impunity than can the facts of anatomy be cast aside by the painter or the sculptor.

All harmonised music, of whatever description, that is designed to express any but the most superficial feelings (such as dance music) must be constructed on that idea of unity in combination with variety which is embodied in the universal works of Nature herself. Unless it expresses the voluntary and characteristic action of separate individual agents, united under a dominant law for the accomplishment of one and the same end, it must necessarily fail of any high achievement as a form of human language. Destroy this individuality of the distinct parts, and the powers of music are reduced to the level of those of the Society of Jesuits or of a regiment of soldiers. Up to a certain point, striking

* *Trios pour Piano, Violon, et Violoncelle*; op. 45, 46, 47, 48. Par J. L. Ellerton. London: Augener. Leipzig: Köhler.

and even extraordinary effects may be produced; but neither thought nor passion in their profoundest workings can be expressed if this violation of the essential laws of human nature is sanctioned. The original law of man's nature by which he is forbidden to act as a mere machine, and through which no two human minds are ever found precisely alike, must be recognised as the foundation of that art which, more than all others, is capable of affecting the feelings of every age and country. The fugue, which is often absurdly supposed to be a piece of technical trifling invented by soulless pedants, is nothing more than an embodiment of the principle of variety in unity in its strictest form. It is simply the harmonious working out of one idea by two, three, four, or more separate individualities, each retaining its characteristics and personal freedom to the end. Fugues are generally dull to the multitude of hearers, because the multitude is unable to enter into any but the most obvious ideas, or to sympathize with any emotions not expressed in the simplest or stalest forms. They are also often dull in themselves because their subjects, or, in untechnical language, their tunes, are poor and dry, and their working out is feeble and commonplace. Moreover, they are rarely properly played. The difficulty of retaining the individuality of the separate parts in their performance is so great, especially to players of the present day, that it is the rarest thing in the world to hear them decently executed. A player like Thalberg, possessing his rare power of using a single finger independently of its fellows on the same hand, could present a fugue in a manner which would amaze the ordinary concert-goer. As it is, it is lamentable to see those rare gifts of execution and touch thrown away upon performances which are, after all, nothing more than splendid trickery. A violin fugue of Sebastian Bach, on the other hand, played by Joachim, calls up in hearers of musical sensibility, however unlearned, sensations wholly new and strange, and reveals a depth of meaning in musical sounds which they have never before conceived.

The school of the present day, on the contrary, treats musical composition as a mere aggregation of chords agreeably arranged so as to fill up melodies sufficiently poor and inane, as it must be confessed. Its works are like the majority of English paintings—combinations of showy colours, vague and incorrect in outline, made to sell, but certainly not destined to live; winning popular praise, but destitute of character, and leaving the depths of the mind unmoved. Hence the failure of Meyerbeer and Gounod when they have to rise to a climax of passion. They can only twist and turn their tunes into all sorts of shapes, startle with contrasts, astonish with cadences, or stun with noise. They cannot stir us by a natural and imperceptible working up of the original ideas they have impressed upon us, and at the end of all their elaboration we are no more moved than we were at the beginning. The poverty of almost all modern melody is also in part owing to the same want of recognition of thought as an essential element in music. Vigour and originality in tune are surprisingly stimulated by earnestness of purpose and scientific care, just as the feelings of a fool are shallow in comparison with those of a wise man. Stupidity has no privileges in art any more than in practical life. Flabby tunes are the language of flabby minds, and he that would wish to sing like a man must first be able to think like a man. Hence, too, the almost inimitable beauty and tunefulness of the ancient melodies of musical races, like the Irish and Highland Scotch. Of modern musical science those races of course knew no more than they knew of the electric telegraph; but they thought and acted eminently as men, and not as drawing-room dandies, and therefore they expressed their emotions in the tunes of men. And therefore, also, their songs will live when generation after generation of more artificial music has passed away and been forgotten.

Modern life, indeed, seems little favourable to the production of those brief and telling tunes which are the soul of the songs of an earlier stage of civilization. Now and then, it is true, a writer appears, not only possessing the old gift, but capable of employing it with all the resources of modern art. Such was Schubert, of the depth and healthy individuality of whose melodies we are reminded by a new arrangement of some of the most popular of the whole number. M. Roubier's *Melodies de Schubert* (Ashdown & Parry) are excellent examples of the best way of arranging a song for the pianoforte. We have here no amplifications, or distortions, or variations, or impertinent arpeggios; the melodies, with their accompaniments, being simply woven together, so as to form a piece for the pianoforte. They cannot be too strongly recommended to amateurs who wish for something new, and at the same time prefer music to noise and vulgar display. Of music altogether new the season is as yet little prolific. Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Return of Spring* (Cock & Hutchings) is the clever work of a rising young composer and brilliant player, so good in its subject that we cannot but suggest to its writer the importance of cultivating a better style in the development of his ideas. Like almost all pieces of the day, it tends too much to degenerate into "right-hand music." If Mr. Barnett will take up a volume of Beethoven's Sonatas, and glance over their pages, he will see that the bass and the entire left-hand work form an integral portion of the original idea of every bar in the composition. They do not merely fill up and support the right-hand passages; they are as full of idea and meaning as the lower portions of a fugue itself. Mr. Barnett is so well informed in such matters, that we are confident his opinion on the matter is really identical with our own. Of vocal works we may name Gounod's *Fairer than the Morning* (Cramer) as an excellent song, well worth the study necessary to sing it well; an elegant and flowing song by Brinley Richards,

The Pilgrim's Path (Cocks & Co.), with a clever and effective violoncello accompaniment; and *The Angel Guide* (Cramer), an agreeable air, well put together, though not very original, by René Favarger. A remarkably pretty and sparkling trio for female voices by H. Smart, *The Song of the Wood Nymphs*, may be unreservedly recommended; and a similar trio, *Loving Voices sweetly mingle* (Cramer), by G. B. Allen, is the best thing we know of from a writer who is always flowing and tuneful. A like flowing and tuneful character is possessed by Wallace's *Over the silvery Lake*, a duet for two sopranos. Two of Abt's songs have been fitted with English words by Mr. G. Linley, and appear as *Under my Window* and *The Bird and the Bee* (Metzler). They are both good, and, like their composer's songs in general, possess sufficient character to please the critical, without being so decidedly original as to puzzle the simple. Miss Gabriel's setting of Miss Ingelow's *When Sparrows build* is one of her most successful melodies, with a characteristic accompaniment well suited to the sentiment of the song. The libretto of the same lady's forthcoming "Musical Story," *Graziella*, founded on Lamartine's romance of the same name, is picturesque, and just suited to the style in which her musical thoughts naturally flow. In *The Reproach*, a ballad, we like Madame Oury better than in her usual pianoforte pieces. The melody is not novel; but it is sweet and flowing, and well put together. Metzler's series of *Drawing-Room Operettas* promises to assist in supplying an old standing want of amateurs. *Cousin Kate*, the first on the list, the music by Herr Lutz, is not unworthy of the reputation of that accomplished musician. It is more than pretty, and not too difficult for singers who have any right to appear as performers, even before a drawing-room audience. It requires only two performers.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. RODOLPHE LINDAU'S book on Japan* is a very interesting résumé of the present state of things in that country. The author remarks that the revolution which has taken place within the last few years in our Eastern relations has not yet affected us much. Some of our old prejudices may have vanished; we have learned a certain number of new facts; but that is all. Neither our manners nor our political traditions have undergone any change. It is quite otherwise with the Chinese and the Japanese. The arrival of foreigners amongst them has created the strongest excitement; domestic life and social habits have received a powerful shock; and the general commotion which is the result must inevitably lead, sooner or later, to a complete revolution. When two forms of society so thoroughly distinct from one another as that of Europe and that of China come into collision, the less civilized is the one which has most to suffer. The civil and foreign wars which have visited the Celestial Empire since the signing of the Treaty of Nankin are nothing else than the result of the admission of Europeans into that hitherto forbidden territory; and the disturbances from which Japan is at present suffering are, in the same manner, the manifestations of a painful crisis which is a necessary condition of social and political progress. Whilst the contemporary history of China has often been studied and described, Japan, on the contrary, is still comparatively unknown, and therefore M. Rodolphe Lindau undertakes to enlighten us on the subject. A residence of two years in the country has enabled him to collect a mass of important facts bearing upon Japanese habits and the Japanese character, and there is much in his work which will repay the attention of all classes of readers.

M. Léopold Tallu takes us into Cochin China†, and his well-written book may be regarded as a companion volume to the one we have just noticed; but whilst M. Lindau observes from the civilian point of view, M. Tallu is essentially a soldier. He describes a military expedition; he gives a spirited account of marches, sieges, and battles; and he throws in other details merely so far as they can be brought to bear upon the vicissitudes of the war. His work contains a mass of facts which historians will no doubt be glad to avail themselves of, and it is illustrated with two maps—the one of lower Cochin China, the other of Saigon and the immediate neighbourhood.

As we are dealing with geography, we may here notice three brochures reprinted from the last numbers of the *Revue Archéologique*, and referring to ancient Gaul. The first‡ contains a few observations of M. Alfred Maury on the famous map drawn by a monk of the thirteenth century from an older original, and which, having been discovered by Conrad Teutinger, is generally called Teutinger's table. This invaluable specimen of ancient cartography, now preserved in the Imperial Library of Vienna, was examined about two years ago by M. Maury, who collated it carefully with the edition which Conrad Mannest published at Leipzig in 1824, and now gives us a kind of errata to that edition.

The second of the pamphlets we have mentioned is from the pen of General Creuly§, and refers to the map of Gaul under the proconsulate of Cæsar—a map recently compiled by order of the Emperor Napoleon III., and specimen copies of which have been circulated amongst several foreign savants, for corrections, remarks, and suggestions of various kinds. Three disquisi-

* *Un Voyage autour du Japon*. Par Rodolphe Lindau. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *Histoire de l'Expédition de Cochinchine en 1861*. Par Léopold Tallu. Paris and London: Hachette.

‡ *Carte de la Gaule de Teutinger, avec de Nouvelles Observations*. Par M. Alf. Maury. Paris: Didier.

§ *Carte de la Gaule sous le Proconsulat de Cæsar*. Examen, par Le Général Creuly. Paris: Didier.

tions suggested by this map have particularly drawn the attention of General Creuly, and are examined by him in his *brochure*. One is a report prepared by three members of the Brussels Academy on the portion of the map which corresponds to Belgium; another contains observations relative to the position of Aduatuca; whilst the third is an article originally published in the *Trilogus*, by M. H. J. Heller, and discusses certain details scattered through Caesar's Commentaries. General Creuly's answers to the strictures of his opponents are often very satisfactory. Amongst other interesting facts brought to light, attention may more especially be drawn to those which relate to the often discussed locality of Alesia, to the campaign of the Helvetii, and the expedition of the Roman general into Britain.

M. H. J. Keller, in his observations on the geography of Gaul*, speaks severely of D'Anville. We must nevertheless say that the hypotheses of modern critics, however ingenious they may be, cannot claim for a moment the privilege of being placed on the same line as the facts established by the old French antiquary, and we think that M. Alexandre Bertrand has done very wisely in adopting D'Anville's data wherever there was the slightest doubt as to the true situation of a town, camp, or military colony. M. Bertrand's essay has also been issued as a specimen by the committee entrusted with the task of drawing the map of Gaul. It embraces a table of all the Roman roads, together with the various stations as far as they could be determined. The author describes in the first instance the four *vies* which had Lugdunum for their centre; he then passes on to those which led from Italy into Gaul. All these documents will give a tolerable idea of the care with which the Government map of ancient Gaul has been prepared, and lead us to await with interest the definite publication of so important a work.

The sixth volume of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*† begins with the description of the ceremony which took place when the body of Napoleon I. was brought back to Paris, and it concludes with the Parliamentary session of 1841-42. We have accordingly, in the present instalment, the history of the difficulties which M. Guizot encountered in directing the last Administration over which it was his lot to preside. The complications arising out of the Eastern question, the international arrangements about the right of search, the Spanish marriages, the carrying out of the bill on the fortifications of Paris—such are the principal topics treated in the present volume. The position which M. Guizot occupied when he once more assumed the direction of affairs on the 29th of October, 1840, was one fraught with serious dangers, and requiring the utmost caution. In more than one respect it was strictly analogous to the state of things in 1831, when M. Guizot and his colleagues undertook to stem the course of national feeling on a question of peace or war. Reasonable people began to see that the Cabinet of M. Thiers had gone too far with reference to the Egyptian embarrassments, and that France was on the brink of a war which could scarcely be justified either as glorious or profitable. Those, however, who discovered when too late that they had countenanced a false system of policy were perhaps still more vexed at seeing that M. Guizot would reap the fruit of their errors, and they unfortunately allowed personal pique to get the better of their patriotism. M. Guizot was, besides, under the necessity of opposing, in many points at least, the Administration by which he had been sent as ambassador to London, and several of his former political friends withdrew their support from him in consequence.

Animal magnetism, table-turning, and spirit-rapping have rendered tales of wonder more than ever fashionable, and everything which can be made to bear on the invisible world is sure now-a-days of a certain amount of popularity. The history of the *Convulsionnaires*, as they were called, is a case in point, and the cimetière Saint-Médard, where the Deacon Pâris performed his alleged miracles, offers an appropriate field for the lovers of the marvellous. M. Mathieu begins his work‡ by remarking that the convulsions of Saint-Médard may, in his opinion, have originated partly in influences the laws of which are still beyond our knowledge; but he says that no unprejudiced estimate of the matter can be offered by persons wedded to the interests of Molinism, or Jansenism, or of mere science. If you ask a Molinist what he thinks of Deacon Pâris and of the Saint-Médard miracles, he shrugs his shoulders contemptuously, and talks of the lies which some people practise to delude the unwary. If you put the question to a Jansenist, he sees in every fit of epilepsy the hand of God, and deprecates the incurable scepticism of those who will not accept his conclusions. Finally, you apply to a medical man, or a *savant*, for the solution of your doubts, and you are astonished to find in him quite as much prejudice as in the other two. He is, of course, neither for Jansenism nor for Molinism, but he sees nothing in the facts beyond hysteria, nervous accidents, &c. The safest course, therefore, is, says M. Mathieu, to consult on such subjects only dispassionate writers who have no *a priori* theories to maintain, and he claims the privilege of belonging to this class. His work is divided into four sections. A glance at the history of Jansenism introduces the subject, and we are thus enabled to study the earliest origin from which sprang the *Convulsionnaires*; for, vast as is the difference between Pascal and the Deacon Pâris, the atrocious persecutions ordered by Louis XIV. against the Port-Royalists account to a great extent for the follies of the later Jansenists.

* *Les Voies Romaines en Gaule*. Par Alexandre Bertrand. Paris: Didier.

† *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*. Par M. Guizot. Vol. vi. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Histoire des Miracles et des Convulsionnaires de Saint-Médard*. Par P. F. Mathieu. Paris: Didier.

The second part gives us the biography of Pâris himself, and of another well-known enthusiast, Carré de Montgeron; and the difficulty of studying the original documents respecting these men—documents which are either very scarce or most tediously written—makes M. Mathieu's sketches especially valuable. In the next section we have the history of the *Convulsionnaires*; and the fourth contains, under the title of *additions et mélanges*, a number of facts which could not otherwise be classified. The conclusion at which he arrives is that, if many of the cases alleged may be accounted for by natural hypotheses, some supernatural power or agency was also at work.

M. Bersot's researches on Mesmer and Animal Magnetism* belong to the same class of productions as the curious book of M. Mathieu, and the work is written from much the same point of view. In the first part we have the history of Mesmer himself; we follow him through the vicissitudes of his strange career, and we see his system collapsing under the combined influences of ridicule and of mistaken zeal. The theories of animal magnetism were not, however, exploded in consequence of the death of the arch-magnetizer. In 1813 they were revived, and since that time they have met with a certain amount of popularity. M. Bersot details the efforts made by the Paris Académie de Médecine to explain the phenomena attributed to the so-called magnetic influence, and he gives a summary of the discussions which ensued. The second part of the volume treats of what may be called the antecedents of the modern magnetizers, such as the scenes amongst the nuns of London at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the prophets of the Cévennes at the time of the persecution organized by Louis XIV. against the Huguenots, &c. A special chapter is reserved for the more recent developments of magnetism—namely, table-turning, and the like. In the third part we have a summary of the whole subject. M. Bersot concludes rather against magnetism than otherwise; though, like M. Mathieu, he contends that there are certain phenomena which it is impossible to deny, but which philosophy has hitherto failed to explain.

M. Thiers, in one of his recent Parliamentary speeches, said—"People in the present day prefer spoiling their affairs with their own hands to allowing others to do them well for them." These words may be considered as the motto of the volume published by M. Lefèvre-Portalist, which contains in a revised and improved form a set of articles originally contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The preface is more especially worthy of notice. M. Lefèvre-Portalist demolishes, in the most courteous but at the same time the most uncompromising manner, all the fictions by which the Imperial Government tries to justify its system in electoral matters. Can the attitude of hostile parties be alleged as an excuse for interfering with the rights of voters? No; for of all the forms of government which have succeeded one another during the last fifty years, the second Empire is the only one which has to encounter neither riots nor factions. Is it, he further asks, the threatening attitude of foreign Powers, or want of confidence at home, that obliges Napoleon III. to secure in the Corps Législatif a majority *per fas et nefas*? No, he again replies; the other Powers of Europe are in so precarious a state that they have neither strength nor inclination to meddle with what is going on in France, and at the same time the development given to commerce and industry has made all right-minded persons desirous of consolidating a government which, after all, has succeeded in preserving order and keeping up the dignity of the nation. M. Lefèvre-Portalist concludes, therefore, that the present is an excellent opportunity for revising the electoral system in a Liberal sense. He accepts the principle of universal suffrage, but wishes to see it applied fairly, and without undue influence on the part of the Emperor. He then proceeds to examine the electoral mechanism as it is now working amongst our neighbours, and describes in a separate chapter the English system by way of contrast. The book of M. Lefèvre-Portalist, like M. Edouard Laboulaye's last volume, deserves attention as being a very moderate appeal on behalf of the Liberal party.

The literature of Buonapartism has recently been enriched by the publication of the fifth volume of King Jérôme's memoirs and correspondence.† The first chapter opens with the decree dated the 22nd of January, 1811, ordering the annexation of a considerable part of Westphalia to the French Empire, and gives us an account of the very justifiable displeasure which this measure created in Germany. Vainly did Jérôme remonstrate with his Imperial brother. Accustomed to strict obedience, impatient of the least contradiction, Napoleon would not yield, and thus a fresh act of injustice was added to the long list which had been perpetrated by the Empire. One of the most interesting portions of this book is the journal written by Queen Catherine, which contains the genuine outpourings of a heart ill at ease amidst the anxieties of political life. Nothing can illustrate more completely the constant state of awe in which Napoleon, by his caprices, kept all who were connected with him. The sight of a messenger from the Tuileries or of a despatch bearing the Paris stamp was enough to spread terror among all who were in any way dependent on the Imperial will. We have next the preparations for the fatal campaign of 1812, and the detail of the first military operations. King Jérôme had been summoned to Paris, and appointed to the command of the right wing of the

* *Mesmer et le Magnétisme Animal*. Par E. Bersot. 3e édition. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *Les Lois et les Mœurs Electorales en France et en Angleterre*. Par A. Lefèvre-Portalist. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Mémoires et Correspondance du Roi Jérôme et de la Reine Catherine*. Vol. v. Paris: Plon.

grande armée. The editor of the Memoirs here makes some just remarks on the erroneous policy adopted by the Emperor during the campaign—a policy which resulted from his mistaken views of human nature. He thought that after a few brilliant feats of arms he would frighten the Russians, and dictate to Alexander the conditions of peace. He did not take into account the patriotism of the nation, nor imagine that the Russians would submit to any hardship rather than become vassals of Napoleon. This was the reason why he did not at once reconstitute the Kingdom of Poland, and thus call into life a powerful ally which might have permanently kept in check the efforts of the Russian autocrat. The quarrel of Jérôme with Marshal Davoust is also a curious feature in the volume before us. It illustrates very strongly the self-conceit of Napoleon, who, having once fixed upon a plan of operations, would not be diverted from it although it was proved to be mischievous and false.

M. Bernard-Derosne's *Mémoires sur la Reine Hortense** might more appropriately be called a panegyric, for the author writes in an extravagant spirit of eulogy. It would perhaps have been better to leave the subject alone, for the warmest admirers of the accomplished Queen of Holland cannot but smile when they read the bold denials of M. Bernard-Derosne on certain points, and his equally bold asseverations on others. Of course the precautions taken by the Government of Louis Philippe against the Buonaparte family are judged by this writer with much severity; yet it may be confidently asked whether the revocation of the laws against the Bourbon princes would not be, judged from the Buonapartist point of view, a dangerous policy.

A glance at the list of works composed by M. Charles Paya† will show at once that the Papal system does not find favour in his eyes. Let us respect every kind of belief, he says, but down with the Pope as a temporal prince. The government which now prevails at Rome is a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century; it forms the most glaring contrast with that which exists throughout the rest of Italy, and if it lasts much longer it will inevitably lead to revolution and war. Such being the opinions of M. Charles Paya—opinions which appear to have been pretty well known in Italy—we do not wonder at the question put to him by his friends when, towards the beginning of March, 1861, he expressed his intention of going to Rome. "What do you purpose achieving there? You will be arrested," M. Paya did go to Rome, notwithstanding the advice given him, and he was arrested. His *Cachots du Pape* may be taken as giving the honest impressions of a man who has seen and felt all that he relates, and a perusal of his volume will explain, better than anything else perhaps, the difficulties by which the Emperor Napoleon is beset in dealing with the Italian question. The Papal Government knows perfectly well that the occupation of Rome by the French troops is too good a strategical measure to be given up; and accordingly Pius IX.—or rather Cardinal Antonelli—carries on, under the protection of foreign bayonets, a system of misrule which would be swept away in a few hours if the Italians were left to themselves. M. Paya, in his quality of journalist, could scarcely expect any sympathy from the *Sibiri*. If we add that the journal with which he is connected is the *Sicile*, our readers may fancy how sure he was to be incarcerated as soon as his identity was discovered.

We remember *Les Nuits de Rome*‡ as one of the once popular productions of the Romantic school thirty years ago. M. Jules de Saint-Félix has thought proper to publish a new edition of these tales, in which local colouring is made the chief object, and is given as a substitute for originality and study of character. Of course M. Jules de Saint-Félix was perfectly at liberty to do so, but the comparison which he draws in his preface between himself and *des talents faciles*—meaning, we suppose, MM. Ponsard and Emile Augier, who have likewise borrowed the subjects of their works from classical antiquity—is simply ridiculous. There is not much merit in mere priority, and because M. de Saint-Félix wrote the *Nuits de Rome* ten years before M. Ponsard brought out the tragedy of *Lucrèce*, it does not follow that he is a man of greater talent.

* *Mémoires sur la Reine Hortense*. Par Ch. Bernard-Derosne. Paris: D. de la Malherie.

† *Les Cachots du Pape*. Par J. B. Charles Paya. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Les Nuits de Rome*. Par Jules de Saint-Félix. Paris: Dentu.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tickets have been sent to the Residences of Members; any complaint of Non-delivery made to the Director will be promptly attended to.—The FIRST MATINEE will take place Tuesday, April 5. Members having Nominations to send Names and Address in writing. Salton, Sivori, Wieniawski, and Joachim will successively lead, and the best procurable Resident and Foreign Talent will be engaged, as Pianists, Violoncellists, &c.—Subscription, Two Guineas for the Eight Matinees, to be paid at Cramer, Wood, & Co.'s, Chappell & Co.'s, and Adolph & Parry's, 18 Hanover Square; the residence of J. ELLA, Director.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S CAMELLIA SHOW will be held on WEDNESDAY NEXT, March 30, at SOUTH KENSINGTON. Fellows admitted at Twelve o'clock. Fellows with their friends (with Tickets, 1s. each) at One o'clock. The Public, 2s. 6d. each, at Two o'clock. The Show will be in the Council-Room. The Band will play in the Conservatory from Two o'clock.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 53 Pall Mall.—The EXHIBITION of CARL WERNER'S celebrated SERIES of DRAWINGS—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the Holy Places—is NOW OPEN. Admission, One Shilling.

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Edinburgh, March 1864.

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ANNUAL DINNER.—President: Captain H. Plummer, Royal Fusiliers. Stewards: M. N. Woodard, Esq., Cornmarket Rectory; F. K. Hinton, Esq., S. John's Coll., Oxford; P. Slocock, Esq., Jesus Coll. Cambridge. The Dinner will take place at 6.30 p.m. on Thursday, April 7, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Old Collegians have the privilege of introducing a friend on payment. Applications for Tickets (One Guinea each, including wine) to be made to the President, Depot, Walmer, Kent, and to be accompanied by a P.O.O. for the amount of Tickets required.

SCIENCE and ART DEPARTMENT of the COMMITTEE of COUNCIL on EDUCATION.

—The EXAMINATIONS of Science Schools and Classes by the Science and Art Department commence May 2, and, with the intermission of Whitsun week, last till June 4.

Applications for the Examination of a School or Class must be made not later than April 10. The Form to be filled in (Science Form No. 119) will be furnished on application to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, London, W.

But Candidates in London who may not be able to attend at any place where a local Examination Committee has been formed may be examined at the South Kensington Museum by sending in their names, and stating the subjects in which they wish to be examined, before April 15.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.